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DAY '07

The Hamiltonian

Published by Members of the Junior Class of

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Apologia

" Be to her virtues very kind ;
Be to her faults a little blind."
— Prior.

WITH conflicting emotions, strongly akin to the hopes and fears born of our earliest experiences as Freshmen on this Hill, we present the 1907 HAMILTONIAN. In placing the forty-ninth issue of the college annual beside its predecessors we are awed by our own presumption ; but driven on by Duty, Custom, and Ambition, we dared to venture out upon the unknown trail. Our way has been beset by difficulties which to our untrained limbs seemed insurmountable. Inexperienced and alone we have gone on, profiting alike by the failures and successes of our forerunners.

We have neither sought nor hoped to bring forth a prodigy of human genius but merely to leave on record a true picture of our college life. As you ponder over and criticise the picture we have drawn, remember we are only human, and " *errare est humanum.*" Whatever measure of success crowns our labor we attribute not to any excellence of workmanship but to devotion to the cause for which we wrought. The incidents and memories connected with this College we will ever cherish as our most precious possessions. Though their expression here be crude, yet if in future years they help dispel the mists of time and distance, bringing out from obscurity visions of these days so filled with cheer and fellowship, our work will not have been in vain.

The past has gone with its mental throes of literary production. The present is witness of a task completed ; and to the future we look for its favorable reception or its ultimate rejection. We do not invite praise nor hope to avoid censure but rest content in the knowledge of a worthy purpose steadfastly followed to the end. Our work is done and with the publication of this book the 1907 Hamiltonian Board departs a strenuous life. "*Requiescat in Pace.*"

THE EDITORS.

To

Frederick Morgan Davenport, Ph.D.

Maynard-Knox Professor of Sociology, European History,
Economics, and Law, at Hamilton College,
we dedicate this book

Frederick Morgan Davenport

WE glean from trustworthy sources a few facts relating to Prof. Davenport's career before he came to Hamilton. He was graduated at Wesleyan with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1889. He was the valedictorian of his class and was awarded twelve regular prizes in various departments of college work, besides three prize scholarships of the value of two hundred dollars each, for general excellence.

Like most men at the time of leaving college, he was uncertain in what path of usefulness and service he was best fitted to walk. For several years he taught Greek and Latin at his old preparatory school, Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston, Pennsylvania. While there he frequently spoke in the churches of the vicinity, and was later for a few years pastor of Methodist churches at Yonkers and Kingston, in the state of New York. But while he regarded the ministry then, and still regards it, as a most important avenue of service, it became evident to him as time went on that if he had any particular talent it lay in the discussion and interpretation of public questions rather than in the especial work of the ministry. He therefore has practically withdrawn from official connection with the church that he may, without division of interest and energy, give himself to effort in the field of social and political problems. With this purpose in view, he engaged for four years in active preparation in the School of Political Science at Columbia University in the city of New York. His major work was done in sociology, his minor in economics, law and history. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him

in 1905, after the completion and publication by the Macmillan Company of an important national book, revealing the evils of an uncontrollable religious revivalism in the social and political development of the American people. He was elected to a full professorship in the Maynard-Knox chair of Law and Political Science in Hamilton in 1905.

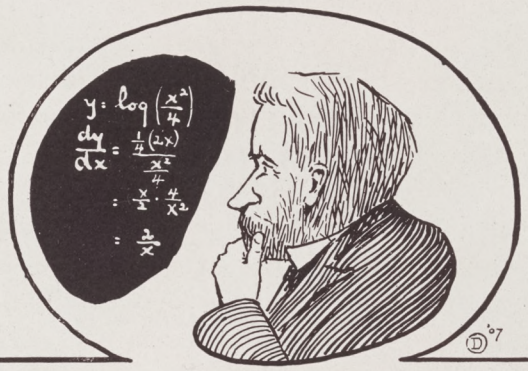
But Dr. Davenport is more to us than the mere professor, he is part of our great family here on the Hill, and a factor with which the family does not wish soon to part. He was here but a short time when the fellows were won by his fairness in and out of the class-room, his frankness and cordiality. One football dinner and "Davy"! Well — we on the Hill know what that means, but to those who have gone, who were here before Dr. Davenport's time, we say, "You have missed a rare treat."

We feel that he is one of us in every sense of the word. His interest in our activities is a pattern from the old and only original "Hamilton spirit." We do not know where he found it. Enough to say he has it in the old-time form. He is for us, with us, back of us in every branch of our life. Fellows all respect and work for him; they have to work out of esteem for the man. "You feel cheap to have 'Davy' flunk you." Well, that is the sentiment of the fellows. It means more than it shows.

He, more than any other man on our Faculty, unless it be Dr. Stryker, is at present before the public as a clear thinker, a forceful speaker, a man of the hour. We hear of his after-dinner speaking and occasionally, especially at football dinner, get a glimpse of his cheering thoughts. He seems at his best with us there in Commons Hall and enjoys it as well as anyone. He admits that we have a rather frank way of making our wants known on such occasions, but we are certain he takes it as it is intended.

We know Dr. Davenport believes in "reciprocity on articles whose manufacture is firmly established (in this country)" and we see wherein such a treaty is to our advantage, and there are no preferential tariffs, either in his classroom or elsewhere, in which he is a party of either part.

But to hear Dr. Davenport make a speech is only half the fun. When "Davy," that other part of the doctor, gets out on the sidelines (say down at the Colgate game last fall) he is one of the college certainly. He can yell as loud and as long as any yell leader we ever had. He lets loose that pent-up energy in large packages delivered in excellent condition, "charges paid." He might have been a Hamilton man by the way he supports our teams. Not only is he treasurer of our Athletic Association but he is the man behind the men on the field, on the sidelines, every place in college. We can't say too much for him. He has won a place in our hearts that few have ever filled. We hope he'll stay until that boy wears a Hamilton H on his 'varsity sweater.



THE FACULTY

MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER.

A.B., Hamilton, 1872.
D.D., Hamilton and Lafayette, 1889.
LL.D., Lafayette, 1892.
Φ B K ; Σ Φ.

President of Hamilton College, 1892; Walcott Professor of Theistic and Christian Evidences, and of Ethics; Pastor of College Church.

OREN ROOT.

A.B., Hamilton, 1856.
D.D., Rutgers, 1892.
L.H.D., Union, 1895.
Φ B K ; Σ Φ.

Pratt Professor of Mathematics, 1880; Registrar.

HERMAN CARL GEORGE BRANDT.

A.B., Hamilton, 1872.
A.M., Hamilton, 1875.
Ph.D., Hamilton, 1896.
Φ B K ; A Δ Φ.

Munson Professor of the German Language and Literature, 1882.

EDWARD FITCH.

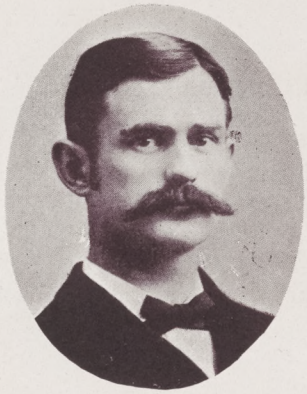
A.B., Hamilton, 1886.
Ph.D., University of Gottingen, 1896.
Φ B K ; E. L. S.

Edward North Professor of Greek, 1902.

ALBRO DAVID MORRILL.

B.S., Dartmouth, 1876.
M.S., Dartmouth, 1879.
A.M., Belmont, 1885.
Φ B K.

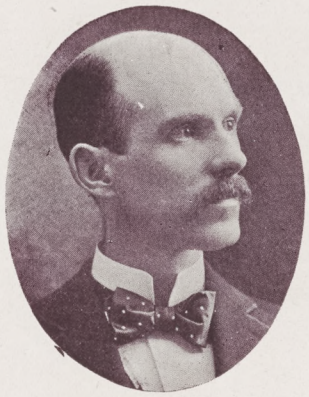
Professor of Biology, 1891.



WILLIAM HARDER SQUIRES.

A.B., Hamilton, 1888.
A.M., Hamilton, 1891.
Ph.D., Leipsig, 1892.
Φ B K ; Δ Υ.

Professor of Psychology, Logic, and Pedagogics, 1892 ; Dean of Faculty.



SAMUEL J. SAUNDERS.

A.B., Toronto, 1888.
A.M., Toronto, 1893.
D.Sc., Cornell, 1894.
Φ B K ; Sigma Xi.

Professor of Physics, and Instructor in Astronomy, 1892.

WILLIAM PIERCE SHEPARD.

A.B., Hamilton, 1892.
A.M., Hamilton, 1893.
Ph.D., Heidelberg, 1896.
Φ B K ; Δ Υ.

Professor of Romance Languages and Literature, 1895.

JOSEPH DARLING IBBOTSON.

A.B., Hamilton, 1890.
A.M., Hamilton, 1894.
Φ B K ; X Ψ.

Professor of English Literature, Anglo-Saxon, and Hebrew, 1895.

ARTHUR PERCY SAUNDERS.

A.B., Toronto, 1890.
Ph.D., Johns Hopkins, 1894.
Φ B K.

Childs Professor of Agricultural and of General Chemistry, 1900.

THOMAS FLINT NICHOLS.

A.B., Bowdoin, 1892.
Ph.D., Clark, 1895.
Φ B K ; Θ Δ X.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics, 1896.

HARRY BARNES WARD.

A.B., Hamilton, 1896.
A.M., Hamilton, 1899.
Φ B K ; Δ ϒ.
Benjamin-Bates Professor of Latin, 1899.

HENRY WHITE.

A.B., Hamilton, 1898.
Φ B K ; Δ ϒ.
Upson Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, 1900.

FRANK HOYT WOOD.

A.B., Syracuse, 1891.
A.B., Harvard, 1892.
Ph.D., Leipsig, 1900.
Φ B K ; Ψ ϒ.
P. V. Rogers Professor of American History, 1902.

HERMAN LOUIS EBELING.

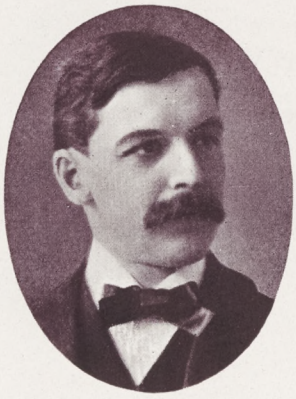
A.B., Johns Hopkins, 1882.
Ph.D., Johns Hopkins, 1891.
Φ B K.

Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin, 1903.

FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT.

A.B., Wesleyan, 1889.
Pursued graduate study for Ph.D., at Columbia.
Φ B K.

Professor of Sociology, European History, Economics, and Law, 1904.



EDWARD SILAS BABCOCK.

A.B., Hamilton, 1896.
A.M., Hamilton, 1899.
E. L. S.

Librarian, and Clerk of Faculty, 1904.

William John Miller.

B.S., University of the Pacific, 1900.
M.S., University of the Pacific, 1902.
Ph.B., Johns Hopkins, 1905.
Φ B K.

Assistant Professor of Geology on the Stone Foundation, 1905.

College Officers

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Bursar.

John T. Crossley,
Master of Gymnastics.

Cornelius de Regt,
Superintendent of Buildings.

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Asa G. Benedict, '72.
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Hon. Frederick W. Griffith, '86.
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Secretary: Frederick W. Welch, Esq., '92, Binghamton.

Washington, D. C.

President: Abram R. Serven, Esq., '87, 1419 F Street.
Secretary: William J. Quinn, '01, 1361 Yale Street, N. W.

Brooklyn

President: Samuel F. Engs, '83, Produce Exchange.
Secretary: Warren I. Lee, Esq., '99, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

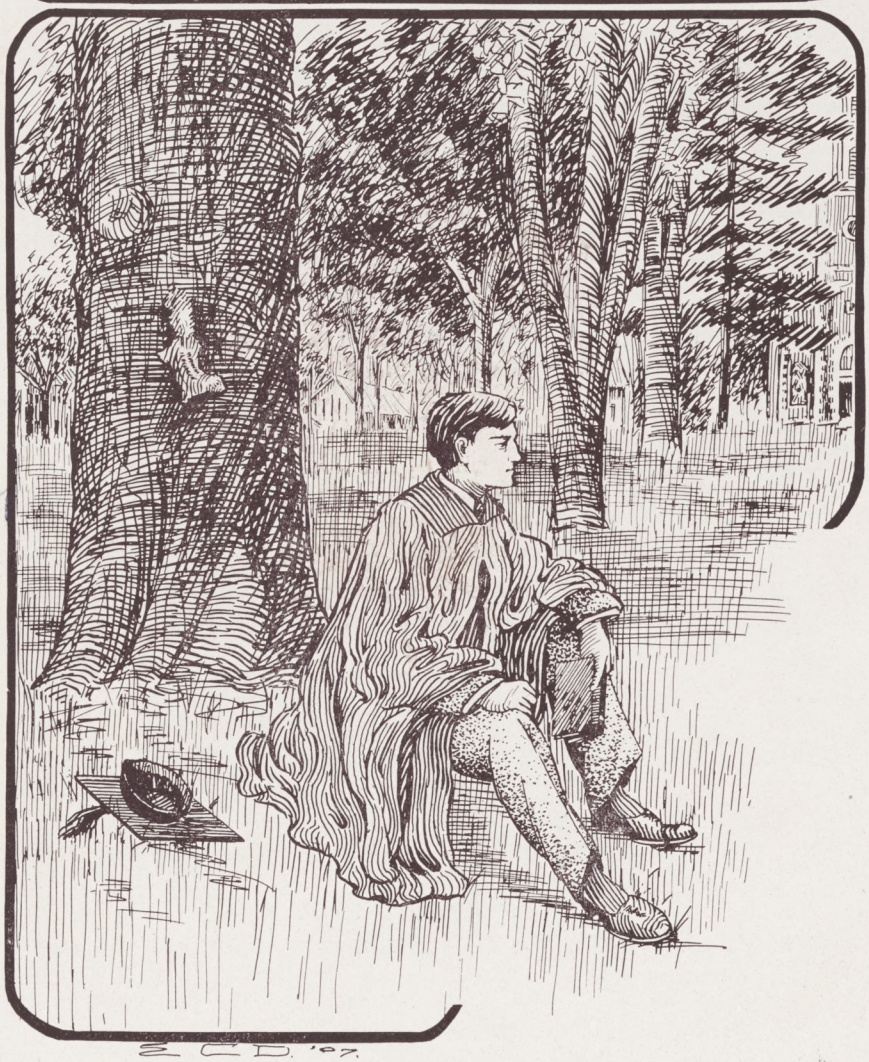
Central New York

President: Hon. Abram B. Weaver, '51, Deerfield.
Secretary: James H. Merwin, Esq., '99, Utica.

Onondaga

President: Hon. A. J. Northrup, LL.D., '58, Syracuse.
Secretary: Dr. B. W. Sherwood, '82, 1117 S. Salina St., Syracuse.

Ye Senior of 1906



Hamilton
06

Senior History

IN THE hands of the common chronicler history, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. But even the cloak of love could hardly hide the shortcomings of the Class of 1906. And it is well so. From our very weaknesses have come our strengths; from contrasts our virtues shine. Four years ago — or was it yesterday? — we gathered first as an integral party of the College. Strong in numbers, strong in confidence, strong in purpose we were and have been to the end. Not all of us are here today who were with us yesterday, but the class as a unit has gone from strength to strength.

The Faculty may dispute this. We were lazy, we were indifferent, we were procrastinating, we wouldn't work. We were, and we wouldn't. We enjoyed the unique distinction of lacking a high honor man our Freshman year. But our improvement has been steady. As a class our average is high. In every course in the curriculum our men have done well. Of course, in debating our representatives have suffered ignominious and successive defeat. But let us not recount our failures. We have been a power for good. "Hank" White has felt our chastening hand; "Bib" has learned how to give a stiff course; "Dribble" has been initiated. The Faculty despised our learning; but how often we have risen to the occasion and fairly taken their breath away by brilliant examinations or hair-raising recitations.

"Prex" has characterized us as the "leisure class," has said that we must needs be endowed if we are to exist in the cold, cold world. Alas for the prophet of ill; wait till time tells. Our virtues are "basilar" and our incompetence "happily lyterian."

In athletics and all that has to do with undergraduate activities we have shone resplendent. Football, basketball, track, baseball, tennis, the musical clubs, have all built around 1906 as a backbone and a mainstay. In college legislation and activity our equal has seldom been seen. In these things we have fitted a large place and will leave a large gap.

As a class we have had our dissentions and our disagreements. We have pulled the wires till they twanged at breaking tension. We believe that this, too, has been well. Our class spirit and college spirit has grown in proportion; it is unimpeachable. We have learned to respect and be respected and we have stood on our merits. We have grown close-knit and we have learned to know ourselves. Evolution has carried us upward and onward. We have matured and ripened and are prepared to meet the puppets of the world as practical if not ideal men.

We step down and out pretty well satisfied, not that we are the best there is, not that we have fulfilled our possibilities, but that we have grown mightily. And, after all, that's what we're here for. We have fought the good fight — for the College; we have put ourselves all in; we have retained our savor and the earth shall be salted. Time waits for none. Today we are it, tomorrow we are not. At the parting of the ways we hock our mortarboard and bid you good-day.

The Senior Class

Colors

BLACK AND GOLD

Yell

Boom-rah, boom-rah, boom-rah, boom,
One nine naught six, boom-a-room,
Boom chick-a-boom, rickety-rix,
Hamilton! Hamilton! Nineteen-six.

Officers

Henry R. Barrows,	President
Alexander Thompson, Jr.,	Vice-President
Walter M. Brokaw,	Secretary
Merwyn H. Nellis,	Treasurer

Members

Henry Robbins Barrows, X Ψ — Clinton

Class President (1, 2, 4); 'Varsity Football Team (1, 2, 4); Substitute (3); Class Track Team (1); Class Football Team (1); Chess Team (4); Chess Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Treasurer Chess Club (1); Vice-President Chess Club (4); English Literature Club (4); Junior Whist Club (3); Biology Club (1); Geology Club (4); Clark Prize Speaker.

Howard Wright Benedict, Θ Δ X — Clinton

Class Football Team (1, 2); Response from 1906 (2); Campus Day Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 4); Assistant Manager 'Varsity Football (3); Manager (4); Advertising Manager 1906 HAMILTONIAN; D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; Interscholastic Committee (3); Chess Club (3); McKinney Prize Speaker (3); Gym. Show Committee (4); Executive Committee (4).

Edward Harry Bennett, X Ψ, K B Φ — Pulaski

Junior Whist Club; German Club; English Literature Club; Junior Prom. Commitee; Captain Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; 'Varsity Football (2, 3, 4); Gym. Team (4).

William Root Pinckney Bloyer, Σ Φ, K B Φ — Cincinnati, Ohio

Junior Whist Club; Business Manager 1906 HAMILTONIAN; 'Varsity Substitute Football (4); Gym. Team (4); Class Track Team (2); Geology Club (4).

Walter Merritt Brokaw, Σ Φ — Utica

Baldwin Entrance Prize; Freshman Frolic Committee; Chairman Sophomore Hop Committee; *Hamilton Life* Manager (3); Associate Editor (4); Basket-ball, Assistant Manager (3), Manager (4); Junior Whist; Permanant Class Secretary.

Howard Craig Bramley, Σ Φ, Pentagon — Sandy Creek

Freshman Prize Speaker; 'Varsity Football Team (1, 2, 3); Captain (4); 'Varsity Basket-ball team (1, 2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Baseball Team (1, 2, 3); 'Varsity Track Team (1, 2, 3); D. T. Club; Junior Whist; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

James Franklin Carroll, Jr., X Ψ — Greenville, Ill.

'Varsity Track Team (3, 4); Class Track Team (3, 4); Junior Whist Club; Treasurer Chess Club (4); Geology Club (4).

John Durant Clark, A Δ Φ — Carthage

Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Baseball Team (1); Gymnasium Team (1); Art Editor 1906 HAMILTONIAN; Executive Committee (4); Gun Club (2, 3, 4); English Literature Club; Junior Whist Club.

James Frank Crawford, E. L. S. — Warsaw

Martin Ambrose Driscoll, Jr., Δ K E — Haverstraw

College Monitor; Class and 'Varsity Track Team (1, 2); Gym. Exhibition (1, 2); Class Football Team (1); Prize Speaker (2); Chess Team (1, 2, 3); Captain (4); President Chess Club (4); Curran Gold Medal; Truax Greek Scholarship; English Literature Club; Junior Whist Club.

Alexander M. Drummond, Δ K E — Auburn

Pentagon; D. T. Club; Fayerweather Entrance Scholarship; Manager Class Football; Manager Class Basketball; Freshman Representative Advisory Board; Assistant Manager Track Athletics (2); Manager (3); Interscholastic Committee (2, 3); Interscholastic Manager (4); N. Y. S. I. A. U. Representative (3); Secretary N. Y. S. I. A. U. (3); Assistant Manager Gym. Show (4); Staff of *Life* (1, 2); Athletic Editor (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Associate Editor *Hamilton Literary Magazine* (4); Literary Editor 1906 HAMILTONIAN; Interclass Debate (4); Intercollegiate Debate Team (4); Glee Club (4); Press Club; Chess Club (3, 4); Junior Whist Club; English Literature Club (4); McKinney Prize Debate; Toastmaster Senior Banquet.

Jedediah Howard Edgerton, Θ Δ X — Clinton

Track Team (1); Gym. Show (1, 4); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Sophomore Appointee, Speaking Contest; Junior Whist Club.

Ernest Kruse Edie, E. L. S. — Springville

Class Football Team (1); Sophomore Hop Committee; Advertising Manager of 1906 HAMILTONIAN; Second Prize Speaker (3); Class Debating Team (3); McKinney Prize Debate; Clark Prize Speaker.

George Newton Fake, — Festus, Mo.

Class Football Team (1); College Monitor (3, 4).

Harold Lockwood Ferris, X Ψ — Auburn

Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Football Team (1, 2); College Golf Team; 'Varsity Baseball (1, 2); Captain (3, 4); 'Varsity Track Team (3, 4); 'Varsity Football (4); Junior Whist Club; English Literature Club.

Clifford Penny Fitch, E. L. S. — Sauquoit

Tompkins Mathematical Medal.

Floyd Dee French, E. L. S. — Colden

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); College Choir (1, 2, 3, 4); Assistant Manager of Musical Clubs (3), Manager (4); Class Baseball Team (1); Class Track Team (2); Song Leader (4).

Harry Miles Garvey, E. L. S. — Oriskany Falls

George Franklin Gentes, X Ψ — Brooklyn

Freshman Prize Scholarship; McKinney Prize Speaker (1), First Prize; Tompkins Mathematical Examination, Second Prize; Junior Response; Junior Whist Club; German Club.

Allen Robert Hallock, E. L. S. — Clinton

Prize Entrance Scholarship; Second Prize Essay (3); Hawley Classical Medal (3); Pruyn Medal Oration (4); Chess Club (2, 3); Class Football Team (1).

Louis Edward Haven, E. L. S. — Sauquoit

Class Baseball Manager (1); Class Track Team (2); 'Varsity Baseball Team (2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club (3, 4); Clark Prize Speaker.

Grosvenor W. Heacock, A Δ Φ, K B Φ, Buttinski — Ilion

D. T. Club; Junior Prom. Committee; Junior Whist Club; Gun Club; First Junior Prize Speaker.

Clayton Louis Jenks, E. L. S. — Waterville

Mathematical Scholarship; First Mathematical Prize (3).

J. Wilford Kellogg, Θ Δ X — Vernon Center

Prize Essay, Mention (1); Junior Whist Club; Curran Silver Medal; Soper Latin Scholar; Gym. Team (1, 2, 4).

Selden Talcott Kinney, Θ Δ X — Easton, Pa.

Mention Freshman Prize Essay; Chess Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Sophomore Prize Essay; Literary Editor *Hamilton Literary Magazine* (1, 2, 3), Editor-in-Chief (4); Junior Whist Club; Gun Club; English Literature Club.

Fred Alvin Lawrence, Ψ Δ T — Vernon

Class Football Team (1); 'Varsity Substitute (2, 3, 4).

James Lockwood LeMunyan, X Ψ, Buttinski — Addison

Editor-in-Chief 1906 HAMILTONIAN; Junior Whist Club; D. T.; Football, Class (1), 'Varsity Substitute (2), 'Varsity (3, 4); Basket-ball, Class (1, 2, 3, 4), 'Varsity (2), Substitute (3, 4); Baseball, Class (1, 2), 'Varsity (2, 3, 4); Track, Class (1, 2); Gym. Team (1, 2, 4).

Colin Macdonald, Δ ϒ — Buffalo

Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Baseball (1, 2); 'Varsity Track Team (2, 3); Junior Whist Club; Junior Prize Declamation Contest; Cheer Leader (4); Gym. Team (1, 2, 4).

Conklin Mann, X Ψ, Pentagon, K B Φ — Ballston Spa

With 1905 a Year and a Term; Freshman Representative on Advisory Board; Sophomore Representative on Advisory Board; 'Varsity Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Track Team (1, 2); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Class Track Team of 1905; *Hamiltan Life* reporter (2), Local Editor (3), News Editor (4); Chairman Class Executive Committee; Sophomore Hop Committee; D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; Gun Club.

Arthur Bennett Maynard, Δ ϒ — Frankfort

Class Football Team (1); Class Track Team (2); D. T. Club (2); Assistant Manager Baseball (2); Reporter *Hamilton Life* Staff (2), Associate Editor (3, 4); Manager Baseball (3); Darwin Club (3); Delegate to Student Volunteer Movement Convention, Auburn, N. Y., (4); Kirkland Prize Orator (4).

Robert Norris McLean, Δ ϒ — San Juan, Porto Rico

Freshman Prize Essay; Second Freshman Prize Speaker; Glee Club (1); Elder College Church (2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (2); 'Varsity Track Team (2); Delegate to Syracuse Bible Institute (2); Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3); Cabinet (3, 4); Treasurer N. Y. S. I. P. A. (3); College Representative and Second Prize, State Prohibition Oratorical Contest (2); Literary Editor 1906 HAMILTONIAN (3); Associate Editor *Hamilton Literary Magazine* (3, 4); Class Debating Team (3, 4); College Debating Team (4); Delegate Student Volunteer Conference (4); Head Prize Oration (4); McKinney Prize Debater; Clark Prize Speaker.

James Albert Melrose, Ψ Δ T — Rossie

Class Track Team (1, 2); College Track Team (1); College Representative in State Contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, Winning First Prize; Third Prize in Interstate Contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association at Ocean Grove, N. J.; Class Debate Team, Junior and Senior Year; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Y. M. C. A. President; McKinney Prize Debate.

Perry A. Miller, Ψ ϒ — Herkimer

D. T. Club; Class Baseball Team (2); Class Track (2); Art Editor 1906 HAMILTONIAN; Secretary Republican Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Junior Whist; Sophomore Hop Committee; Junior Prom. Committee; Executive Committee.

Walter Gray Miller, E. L. S. — Dolgeville

Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Basket-ball Team (2, 3); Class Track Team (2); 'Varsity Baseball Team (2); Interscholastic Committee (3); Gym. Show Exhibition (2, 4).

Merwyn Humphrey Nellis, Θ Δ X, Pentagon — Johnstown

Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Treasurer (1, 2, 3, 4); Freshman Response; Football Team, Scrub (1), 'Varsity (2, 3, 4); Manager Baseball (3); Freshman Frolic Committee; Sophomore Hop Committee; Chairman Junior Prom. Committee; Gym. Show (1, 2, 4); D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; McKinney Prize Debater.

William Thomas Purdy, Δ K E, Buttinski — Auburn

Fayerweather Entrance Prize Scholarship; Class Track Team (1, 2); Captain Class Baseball Team (2); Sophomore Prize Speaker; Sophomore Prize Essay, Mention; College Organist (1, 4); College Choir (2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3), Leader (4); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3), Leader (4); College Quartette (4); Assistant Manager Tennis Team (3), Manager (4); Associate Editor *Hamilton Literary Magazine* (3), Business Manager (4); Class Debate Team (3, 4); Intercollegiate Debate Team (4); McKinney Prize Debater; Clark Prize Speaker; D. T. Club; English Literature Club; Class Secretary (2, 3).

Charles T. Roosa, Δ ϒ, Pentagon — Buffalo

Class Secretary (1, 2); Vice-President (3); Class Basket-ball Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); 'Varsity Basket-ball Team (1); 'Varsity Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Track Team (1, 2, 3); Captain (3); Gym. Team (1, 2, 4); 220-Yard Hurdles, College Record; 440-Yard Dash, College Record; Chairman Interscholastic Committee (3); Sophomore Representative on Advisory Board; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Biology Club; D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club.

Thomas Moore Sherman, Σ Φ — Utica

Junior Whist Club; Chess Club; English Literature Club; German Club; Class Football Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Team (1); Captain Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Baseball Team (2, 3); 'Varsity Basket-ball Team (2), Captain (3, 4); Golf Team; Tennis Team (3); Gym. Team (1, 2, 4); Manager Gym. Exhibition (4).

George Hallam Sicard, Σ Φ, Buttinski — Buffalo

Fayerweather Entrance Scholarship; First Prize, Sophomore Prize Speaking; Class Baseball Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Football Substitute (1, 2), 'Varsity (3, 4); 'Varsity Basket-ball Team (2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Track Team (1, 2, 3), Captain (4); Captain Tennis Team (2, 3, 4); College Champion (1, 2, 3); Holder 120-Yard Hurdle Record (1, 2, 3); Tied 100- and 220-Yard Dash Records (3); Glee Club (3, 4), Reader (3); Mandolin Club (4); College Quartette (4); College Choir (3, 4); Chess Club; D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; Senior Executive Committee.

Chester Arthur Sittig, Ψ Δ T — Utica

Entrance Prize Scholarship; Hawley Classical Medal; Munson Scholarship in German.

C. Elmer Spedick, Δ ϒ — Rockville Centre

Class Track Team (2, 3); Class Basket-ball Team (2, 3); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); 'Varsity Track Team (2); Junior Whist Club; Gym. Team (1, 2, 4).

Lloyd Paul Stryker, Σ Φ — Clinton

Freshman Prize Speaker; College Record in the "Dip" (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Gym. Team 1, 2); Assistant Manager of Football, resigned; 'Varsity Football, Substitute (3, 4); 'Varsity Glee Club (3, 4); 'Varsity Quartette (4); College Choir (3, 4); Treasurer of the Junior Whist Club; Junior Prom. Committee; English Literature Club; Clark Prize Speaker.

John Ludden Tanner, Δ ϒ — Utica

Fayerweather Entrance Scholarship; Brockway Entrance Prize; Junior Prom. Committee; Junior Whist Club.

Alexander Thompson, E. L. S. Thompson Ridge

Class President (3), Vice-President (1, 2, 4); 'Varsity Football Team (2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Track Team (2, 3, 4); *Hamilton Life* Board (2, 3, 4); Secretary of Advisory Board (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Junior Prom. Committee (3); Glee Club (3, 4); Gym. Show Committee (4); Gym. Show Exhibition (2, 4).

G. R. Warburton, A Δ Φ Tarrytown

Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2), Vice-President (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); D. T. Club; Sophomore Hop Committee; Junior Whist Club (3); College Choir (4); Cheer Leader (4).

William Herbert Watson, E. L. S. Warsaw

IN MEMORY
OF
OREN ROOT LLD '53
TUTOR 1831-1837
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS
MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY
1849-1858
1906

Ye Junior

E. C. Day. '07.

Dreka Phila.

Junior History

"Up every man, lift high each sparkling glass,
We pledge tonight anew, for'er, the class."

WE believe in the small College. Arguments for it are numerous, conclusive, and too obvious to need mention here. It is the small class that makes possible the small College. The class of 1907 is small in numbers. Are we not the more fortunate because of this fact? Cannot the diverse arguments in favor of the small College be directly applied, and most fittingly, in favor of the small class? We believe that they can. Yet do not be deceived by thinking that we gladly saw our ranks thinned. Not a few good men have left us, and we realize it. Suffice it to say that we are the smallest class in College, and that if there are any advantages to be gained by this fact we surely have them.

In scholarship the class of 1907 is the compeer of any class in College. It has among its members men who maintain a high honor standing by dint of sheer bohning; others, who by their brilliancy swell the honor list; and still others who, by their ingratiating manner, have so duped the Faculty that they will be College graduates without a College education, paradoxical as it may seem. Not alone in the classroom are we well represented; but also in the interclass debates, which so thoroughly test the mental calibre. Our debating team met and defeated the Senior four, contrary to all predictions.

The class of 1907 has achieved no unparalleled success in athletics. Nobody gives us special credit along this line, and we do not claim it. However, we have not been and are not unrepresented among the College sports. In every branch of athletics our men are found working untiringly to uphold the athletic honor of Hamilton.

The College lost no small amount of musical talent when the class of 1905 was graduated. But, as the excellence of the musical clubs attests, there are those still here who have shown themselves competent to fill the places left vacant by '05. With entire modesty it may be said that most of these places have been filled by members of the Junior class.

There is one deadly plague which sweeps with varying fierceness over most every class — rottenness in politics. Up to the present time in its history, the Junior class may justly boast that it has been untainted by corrupt and premeditated deals. Having carried on its activities without politics for over two years, there is no reason to believe that such a condition will not continue throughout the entire course. If cleanness in this matter is maintained the class is to be congratulated. We are expecting no embryo politicians in 1907. Politics in College elections are admittedly a menace to College spirit, and if politics prevail in the different class affairs they are bound to make their influence felt for the bad when questions of general College interest come up. The class of 1907 has set an example in this matter which may well be followed by others.

In a class history the list of battles lost and won might be fittingly arranged and recited in chronological order. With entire modesty the historian might chronicle the ignominious defeats of other classes as administered by his own. He might go on indefinitely praising himself and his fellows to the utter humiliation of all others. But before going too far let him remember that "praise undeserved is scandal in disguise." Lest we should doubly ridicule ourselves by a vile encomium no attempt will be made to recite victories won year by year. Be it sufficient to say that our rivals have found us game to the end and of good metal.

The Junior Class

Colors

MAROON AND GRAY

Yell

Zip-rah! hoo-rah! ki-yi-ya!
Zip-rah! hoo-rah! ki-yi-ya!
Razzle-dazzle! razzle-dazzle! rip-rah-reven!
Hamilton! Hamilton! Nineteen-seven!

Officers

Stanley E. Gilbert,	President
William F. Grossmeyer,	Vice-President
Earl M. Clark,	Secretary
Robert M. Scoon,	Treasurer

Members

Cady Hews Allen, Δ ϒ Holland Patent

"O, Buttons!"
"'09—You're in my class, aren't you?"
More love affairs.
Might be a student if he'd leave cards alone.

Aaron Clark Bagg, Σ Φ Holyoke, Mass.

Has the graceful symmetry of the stork highly developed.
Has been able to stay in college so far in spite of Embryology, Physiology, Mineralogy, Geology, Photography and Botany.

Frederick Monroe Barrows, X Ψ Clinton

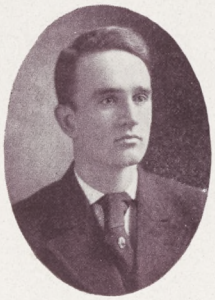
The ragged commando is coming in.
It's time he came for he's most all in,
A smiling face like his Apollo wore
When he charmed the maidens on the
Attic shore.

Edward Huntington Bright, Ψ ϒ Rome

"Judge."
Shows up on the Hill once in a while between trips to Rome, Utica and Summit Park, and stays just long enough to sleep it off in some classroom.

Frank Charles Brown, Θ Δ X Westfield

Man of many love affairs, but now married.
Frequent ginger ale jags.
Prize Debater?
Woodie's prize scholar.
"Glasses give me a studious look."



Earl Mosher Clark, A Δ Φ Binghamton

"Senator."
Pompous, but we know him.
"My way is right, yours is wrong."
Often disputes the dictionary.

Grover Cleveland Clark, Δ ϒ — Utica

"Scoocher."
"Gee, fellows, woman's sick. Got to go to Ute again."
Never eats more cake than there is on the table.
"Bill, do you want something more to play with?"

Edward Carroll Day, E. L. S. — San Anselmo, Cal.

"The Owl."
Ponderous wisdom in a small head.
He finds the East is too slow for a bold, bad man from the West; for there, even "the little waves dance and giggle."

George Henry Dudley, E. L. S. — Bath

"Hank."
A frequent passenger on the "12 o'clock out."
Road! Road! for down the Hill,
Cæsar's ghost, we're going to spill!
Glasses lost in the gutter rill,
"Hank" is out a fiver bill.
Moral—Don't get too much speed on!

Raymond Franklin Dunham, Ψ ϒ — Utica

"Regie."
Wully whistles all the day
Just to pass the time away,
Thinking it an awful pity
That it's so far to Jersey City.
(Sauquoit is only seven miles.)

Richard Mathews Elsea, Ψ Δ T
Philadelphia, Pa.

Of course, you know, they call me "Dick."
Rough-houser, scurfer, smooth and slick.
I a minister intend to be,
So altruism does not bother me.

Stanley Elliott Gilbert, X Ψ Frankfort

This blond-haired angel from the nether shore
Bohns hard Exam. week, and not before.
Self-satisfied, he lets the whole world go,
And with a grin complacent, thinks he runs the whole d—— show.

Guy Wood Gordon, Ilion

Tells " Prex" about fame of Cologne,
And after rowing, begins to bohn.
Of ready-made phrases he has his fill,
This busy man with time to kill.

William Frederick Grossmeyer, E. L. S.
Utica

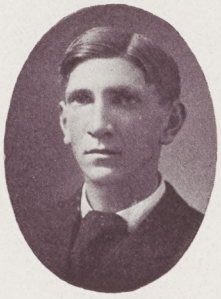
Answers to " Bill" when awake.
Long and unbalanced.
A perambulating lexicographer.

Eldon Carlisle Hemenway, Φ ϒ
Glasgow, Mo.

"Show me, I'm from Missouri."
Threatens to show eastern cooks how to make biscuits.

Ebenezer Willis Ward Hoyt, A Δ Φ
Port Leyden

A ruddy-cheeked, curly-headed little lad.
Attended every row — Junior year.
"He multiplieth words without knowledge."



Robert Bartlett Jerome, Ψ ϒ
Wolfeboro, N. H.

Second trial in Latin — nearly broke his heart.
Theatre shark.
Lives in a suburb of Goose Corners.

Oscar William Kuolt, Ψ ϒ Utica

"Dutch."
"I did real well, but I talked so much about it that no one believed me."

William Earle Libbey, Clinton

Absent-minded—loses his books,
Uses his cuts just for looks,
Takes a " trot " into Language Hall,
But falls down on " Life of Paul."

Archibald Longworth Love, E. L. S.
Albany

" By the whee ! she's mine."
Called " Longy " for short.
" Oh, ye gods of war ! "

William Eugene Mansfield, Cayuga

" Big Bill " Mansfield, the plucky mile-runner,
With his tongue he surely is a hummer.
He can scurf as no one else can,
But we hope he won't always be a Fresh-man.

Edman Munger Massee, Δ ϒ Herkimer

The cutest thing ! And a boy, too !
" Well, if you aren't the horser though ! "
Walks on tiptoes, speaks in a whisper.
" The victory is won ! "

Junius Drhu Meeker, Δ ϒ — Camden

Fusser, French class pet.
What is so rare as a note for June.
Minimum, ten letters per day.
A girl in need is a friend indeed.
Couldn't help it.

Earle Llewellyn Montgomery, Ψ Δ T — Waddington

For Waddington I make no excuse,
'Tain't the custom, 'tain't no use.
Goes calling in scant array,
And always bohns his life away.

Robert Barton Peck, Σ Φ — Utica

Big chief, Sphinx Face.
An unpretentious child of nature, not contented without a pipe in his face and a guide-boat on his shoulders, and the sting and sing of punkies.

Wilson Rood, Θ Δ X — Westfield

"Onion Bill."
Would have a fine figure if so much hadn't been turned up for feet.
Has a voice like a nightingale of a summer's eve.

Charles E. Rynd, Θ Δ X — Westfield

One ambition — to be lazy.
" By Judas, she's a peach ! "
Boyish face, innocent eyes.
Out for baseball to work off fat.

Harwood Muzzy Schwartz, Δ K E — Clinton

Has a rapid transit air line to Kirkland.
Never home Sundays. (His busy day.)
Must have been moonstruck sometime.
Maiden ladies a specialty.

Robert Maxwell Scoon, X Ψ — Geneva

This youth undaunted, with a gladsome song
Boosts the brotherhood of man along.
Collecting cash is his job here below.
What'll he do when he's dead ? Well, that we dunno.

Kenneth Appley Sprague, Δ K E — Rosco

Bashful " Ken ? " Bhoner " Ken ! "
Sprague has not looked at a maiden since he arrived. His affection for his room has been too great for any such a thing as fussing.

Ralph Waldo Swetman, Δ ϒ — Camden

A mere speck of humanity.
Leader of dancing team Freshman year.
"Who is the father of the sons of Zebedee?"
Hopes to shave sometime.

Clarence Morton Tripp, Δ ϒ — Salamanca

"Ha! ha! ha! wasn't that funny!"
Chief Nezahualcotyl of Henhawk's tribe.
Our first Indian runner. Had time to sit down and rest in the two-mile.
We hear he has a divorce.

Ex-Members

Joseph S. Allen, A Δ Φ	Mendota, Ill.
Charles R. Carruth, Jr.,	New York
John G. Clark, Σ Φ	Holyoke, Mass.
Arthur T. Freer,	Gilbertsville
William F. Fuller, E. L. S.	Waterport
Arthur M. Farmer, E L. S.	Norwood
Norman W. Getman, Θ Δ X	Kansas City, Mo.
Carl D. Huntington, Ψ Δ T	Pulaski
John P. Kelley,	Clinton
Peter F. Kelley, Jr.	Clinton
James W. Lewis, E. L. S.	Naples
Donald H. Miller, ☽ Δ X	Binghamton
Lester C. Newton, E. L. S.	Clinton
Charles C. Nixon, Ψ ϒ	Washington, D. C.
Harold B. Riggs, Ψ ϒ	Auburn
Leon G. Ross, Ψ ϒ	Ilion
Lester F. Scott, A Δ Φ	Sandusky, O.
Edward H. Soper, Σ Φ	Lakewood, N. J.

Raymond G. Wearne, E. L. S.	Binghamton
William M. Webster, E. L. S.	Warsaw
Philip M. Wygant, Σ Φ	Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

In Memoriam

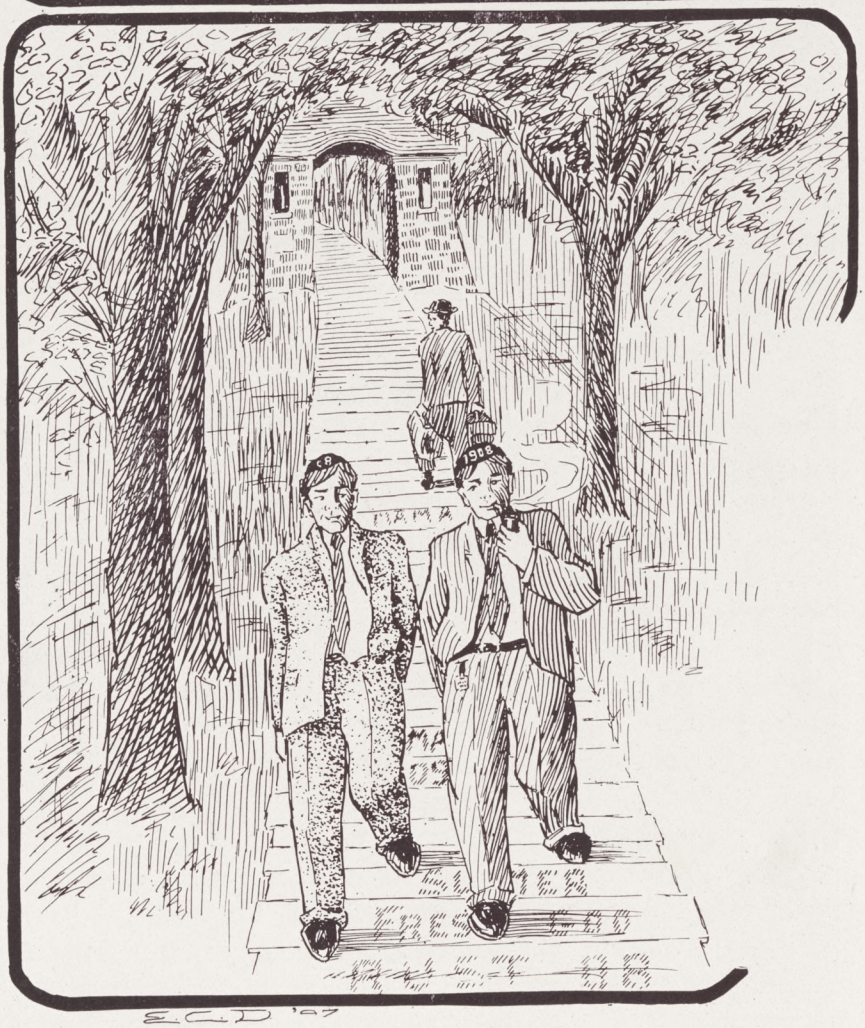
William F. Fuller

of the Class of 1907

Died May 10, 1904

HALL OF S
ROOT LL.D '33

Ye Sophomore



E. C. D. '07

Sophomore History

THE history of 1908 as Sophomores is full of many incidents which will combine to make it famous in the greater history of the College. At the beginning of Sophomore year 1908 returned to assume the labors of love in regard to the *genus* "Slimer," minus some twenty men. This unprecedented drop in the numbers of the class was not due to any dullness in books, but to a peculiar set of coincident circumstances which caused many men to take up work elsewhere. However small in numbers, 1908 still remains a sturdy class.

Of the forty-six who should have appeared for the Chapel Row, less than thirty "were on the job." As some of these faithful ones had come back early to straighten up their rooms, they were more or less weary and not in the best condition for the strenuous work they had to do. Although we kept the Freshmen busy in the *melee*, it seemed to the judges that they were not sufficiently employed, and consequently to 1909 went the palm of victory. However, the erstwhile victors dropped it behind the Chapel, when the valiant Sophomore came to the front in those historic exercises which follow the Row, and yet again did 1909 taste defeat in the fall field meet.

For weeks the gentle slimer led a troubled existence and the "sorority" bemoaned the day that it entered College. One balmy fall evening no less than fourteen (slimers) swam in the fountain for the edification of their Sophomore directors. Later rows resulted in victories for 1908.

In spirit no class can boast of more than this. The

night of the Freshman banquet we were outwitted neatly and completely, but we did not back down. Forty men were engaged in the pursuit of the elusive slimer, and that number, out of a total of forty-six, is an eloquent commentary on the spirit of the class. Our own banquet was successfully carried out in spite of 1909's frantic endeavors to prevent it.

In college affairs we play an important part. The musical clubs draw heavily on our class and with good results. Our athletic stars, though not numerous, shine. Granted that we are not all high honor men, no Sophomore flunked out. Our social activities as underclassmen were fittingly closed by a successful Sophomore hop.

Now we have reached the great divide. As upperclassmen may we strive as loyally for Hamilton and the salvation of the Freshmen, as we did when Sophomores.

The Sophomore Class

Colors

RED AND BLACK

Yell

Zip-rah! Boom-rah! Rah-boom-rate!
Hamilton! Hamilton! Nineteen-eight!

Officers

President,	Alexander H. Holley
Vice-President,	Floyd D. McLean
Secretary,	Sheldon S. Judson, Jr.
Treasurer,	Winthrop H. Kellogg

Members

Karl F. Adams,	Clinton
George H. Allen, Δ ϒ	Clinton
Earl W. Anibal, Δ K E	Gloversville
Clarence E. Babcock, E. L. S.	Camden
Erwin E. Babcock, E. L. S.	Camden
Oscar M. Bate, E. L. S.	Salisbury Mills
Harry Beck, Ψ Δ T	Brooklyn
Frederick W. Branch, Δ ϒ	Manchester, N. H.
Charles E. Clark, E. L. S.	Prattsburgh
James C. Cody, Σ Φ	Vernon Center
William K. Dunwell, E. L. S.	Southampton, L. I.
John S. Fitch, Ψ ϒ	Albion
Robert D. Fraser, Ψ ϒ	Utica
Julius E. Greengard, E. L. S.	Binghamton
John D. Henderson, Δ K E	Herkimer

Alexander H. Holley, A Δ Φ	LaCrosse, Wis.
Horace K. Holley, A Δ Φ	LaCrosse, Wis.
Marcellus B. Holmes, A Δ Φ	New York
Robert B. Hull, Θ Δ X	Penn Yan
Richard Hughes, Ψ Δ T	Greene
Carl D. Huntington, Ψ Δ T	Pulaski
Sewell M. Jones, Ψ Υ	Utica
Walter F. Jones, Ψ Υ	Utica
Fred E. Joralemon, Ψ Υ	Niagara Falls
Salmon S. Judson, Jr., Σ Φ	Vernon
Winthrop H. Kellogg, Θ Δ X	Vernon Center
Fred H. Kitson, Ψ Δ T	Vernon Center
Frank T. Laird, Δ K E	Utica
James W. Lewis, E. L. S.	Naples
W. Kemp Lyon, Σ Φ	Bath
Charles B. McCarthy,	Auburn
Floyd D. McLean, X Ψ	Binghamton
Walker McMartin, Θ Δ X	Johnstown
Joseph H. Morgan, Δ K E	Auburn
Lester C. Newton, E. L. S.	Clinton
Walter M. Pratt, X Ψ	Binghamton
Benjamin B. Roseboom, Jr., Δ K E	Auburn
Leon G. Ross, Ψ Υ	Ilion
William B. Simmons, A Δ Φ	Chicago, Ill.
George B. Smith, E. L. S.	Camden
Harry W. Smith, Ψ Δ T	Waterford
William A. Soper, Σ Φ	Riverside, Ill.
Leonard Watson, Θ Δ X	Westfield
Ernest J. Weeks, A Δ Φ	Watertown
Harold O. White, Δ Υ	Skaneateles
Paul B. Williams, Ψ Υ	Albion

Ex-Members

Oswald P. Backus, Jr.,	Rome
Frederick H. Baxter, A Δ Φ	Lima, O.
Gilbert W. Benedict, Θ Δ X	Fulton
Charles R. Carruth, Jr.,	Clinton
Arthur V. Coupe,	Utica
Edward F. Cookinham, Σ Φ	Utica
Joseph J. Davies,	Utica
Clay Dudley, E. L. S.	Bath

Raymond L. Dudley, Δ ϒ	Fairport
James H. Goodier, Θ Δ X	Utica
Fred H. Haggerson, Σ Φ	Menominee, Mich.
Herbert R. Hemmens, A Δ Φ	Utica
Herbert J. Miller, Ψ ϒ	Utica
Raymond H. Moody,	Binghamton
Thomas J. Mooney,	Oneonta
J. Wentworth Perkins, Ψ ϒ	Cincinnati, O.
Ray G. Pratt, A Δ Φ	New Milford, Pa.
Allen M. Rupert, X Ψ	Geneva
Clinton W. Searle,	Rome
Roger Sherman, X Ψ	Mt. Vernon
Harold J. Snyder, Δ K E	Auburn
Charles G. Watson, Θ Δ X	Westfield
Clarence E. White, A Δ Φ	Binghamton
Sterling A. Zimmerman,	Brownsville

HALL OF SC
ERECTED
MDCCCXC
IN MEMORY
OF
EN·ROOT·LLD 33
TUTOR 1834-1837
FESSOR OF MATHEMATICS
NERALOGY AND GEOLOGY
1849-1881
S.08.

SECURITY BANK NOTE CO. PHILA.

Ye Freshman

E. C. D. '07.

Freshman History

ALTHOUGH rumor heralded the Class of 1909 as the to-be "biggest ever", we did not attain any special distinction as to quantity, but have, we trust, materialized on a sound quality basis. As individuals we hippety-hopped for the Sophomores on a memorable blue Wednesday afternoon; that same night, as a class, we wielded paint and brush even unto break of day, wherever the proverbial green had been spread, and in not a few places where red was the prime and only coat. Having held our own, as history records, in the chapel row and its accompanying lawn party, and having passed safely through the terrors of "protection" without the loss of a single man, we resumed hostilities with the first "gym show" of the year in the Stygian halls of North. As further evidence of our approval of college custom, a little band of us ventured forth on a bright November night, and with the assistance of a very generous representation of the Sophomore Class we inaugurated what we have little doubt will remain for underclassmen of posterity, namely the Fountain Row. Socially we were so thoroughly infused with the spirit of good fellowship that we were obliged to do the Sophomores the discourtesy of peacefully holding a class banquet, while they *en masse* trailed Dame Rumor through every "Middlesex village and farm" within a half day's travel of "Ute".

Although we have made mistakes of omission and commission, we have striven to catch the spirit of Old Hamilton and do the Freshmen's share toward her welfare. We have tried to reverence the *mos majorum*, and not in iconoclastic mood to face the customs of nearly a century. The yeast of class spirit, which we are told was slow in showing itself, has leavened the whole lump, and 1909 is ready to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, for the "dear old College" during the vicissitudes of its college course.

The Freshman Class

Colors

GOLDEN BROWN AND YELLOW

Yell

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,
Boom-a-lacka-lein,
Hamilton, Hamilton, Nineteen-nine!

Officers

President,	Carl A. Beck
Secretary,	John M. Butler
Treasurer,	

Members

Joseph Appleton, Jr., E. L. S.	Albany
Harold G. Aron, X Ψ	Englewood, N. J.
Carl A. Beck, Δ K E	New Haven, Conn.
Paul F. Baum, Ψ Δ T	Herkimer
Martin J. Birmingham,	Sauquoit
Clements W. Blodgett, A Δ Φ	Syracuse
Denton E. Brown, E. L. S.	Rutherford, N. J.
Howard M. Bryant, Σ Φ	Riverside, Ill.
Harry J. Bullion, Ψ Δ T	Richfield Springs
Gordon Busfield, Δ ϒ	North Adams, Mass.
John M. Butler, A Δ Φ	Utica
William D. Conklin,	Arapahoe, Okla.
Elbert Osborne Day, E. L. S.	Red Creek
Wessel Doherty,	Buffalo
Arthur S. Evans,	Delta
Homer C. Evans, Θ Δ X	Richfield Springs
Frank E. Felt, Δ K E	Emporium, Pa.
Horace G. Getman, Θ Δ X	Kansas City, Mo.

Fred E. Gooding, Θ Δ X	Lima, O.
Claude F. Griffis, E. L. S.	Binghamton
Fred H. Haggerson, Σ Φ	Menominee, Mich.
John L. Hatfield, E. L. S.	Utica
John Lee Hopkins, Ψ Υ	Owasco
Norman F. Kazenstein, Ψ Υ	Hancock
Paul D. Kneeland, Δ Υ	Winchester, Mass.
Clarence E. Krumholtz, E. L. S.	Albany
Clarence E. Leavenworth, Δ Υ	Cleveland, O.
Leon H. Lewis, E. L. S.	Prattsburgh
William D. Love, E. L. S.	Albany
Charles M. McLean, X Ψ	Binghamton
Howard J. MacGarry, Δ Ψ	Utica
James Mangus, Ψ Δ T	Herkimer
John V. Morris, Ψ Δ T	Lodi
Alexander F. Osborn, Σ Φ	New York
Harold P. Osborn, Δ K E	New Hartford
Robert H. Plumb, Ψ Υ	Red Creek
Thomas W. Quinn,	Kirkland
Mark Rifenbark, E. L. S.	Unadilla
Henry M. Roenke, X Ψ	Geneva
Robert B. Rudd, A Δ Φ	Washington, D. C.
Harold F. Sabine, Ψ Υ	Utica
Samuel H. Saunders, Δ K E	Clinton
F. Hastings Smyth, Σ Φ	Utica
John M. Spencer, Δ Υ	Gouverneur
Chester T. Stone, A Δ Φ	Mexico
Harrison C. Thomas, Ψ Υ	Utica
R. Hawley Truax, Σ Φ	New York
George G. Wallace, Δ K E	Herkimer
Clark M. Wilson, Σ Φ	Holyoke, Mass.
William J. Wilcox, A Δ Φ	Scranton, Pa.
Francis D. Willoughby, Ψ Υ	Utica
Richard J. Williams, E. L. S.	Rome
Alexander H. Woolcott, Θ Δ X	Phalanx, N. J.
Rome D. Worden, Θ Δ X	Ilion
Sterling A. Zimmerman,	Brownville

Ex-Members

William H. Moore, Δ K E	Clinton
Carlos B. Stone, Σ Φ	Cornwall

Freshman Banquet

Held at Hotel Allerton, Little Falls, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1905

Toastmaster: HAROLD G. ARON

Class Athletics,	Clark M. Wilson
The Faculty,	William J. Wilcox
The Sophomores,	Alexander F. Osborn
The Custom of "Scurfing",	George F. Wallace
The Class of 1909,	C. Arthur Beck
Alma Mater,	C. Mossman McLean

Committee

H. G. Aron, *Chairman*
H. C. Thomas
James Mangus
R. D. Worden
C. E. Leavenworth
C. W. Blodgett
A. H. Woolcott
A. F. Osborn
H. P. Osborn

HALL OF SCI
N·ROOT·LLD·33
F.09.

Summary of Classes

Seniors,	46
Juniors,	32
Sophomores,	45
Freshmen,	55
Total,	178

FRATERNITIES
DAY '07

Fraternities

In the Order of their Establishment

Sigma Phi,	1831
Alpha Delta Phi,	1832
Psi Upsilon,	1843
Chi Psi,	1845
Delta Upsilon,	1847
Delta Kappa Epsilon,	1856
Theta Delta Chi,	1868
Psi Delta Tau,	1905

Fraternity Conventions

Sigma Phi

New York, January 3, 1906

Delegate

Thomas M. Sherman

Alpha Delta Phi

New York, April 27, 28, 29, 1905

Delegates

H. A. Speh, Oliver Humphrey, G. W. Heacock

Psi Upsilon

South Bethlehem, Pa., May 10, 11, 12, 1905

Delegates

Elmer O. Hoffman, Howard C. Dickinson

Delta Upsilon

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 26, 27, 1905

Delegates

Colin McDonald, C. H. Allen

Delta Kappa Epsilon

New York, Nov. 9, 10, 11, 1905

Delegates

A. M. Drummond, W. T. Purdy

Theta Delta Chi

Boston, Feb. 23, 24, 25, 1906

Delegates

J. H. Edgerton, F. C. Brown

ELLIOTT PHILA.

Beta Chapter of Sigma Phi

Established 1831

Frater in Facultate

Rev. M. Woolsey Stryker, D.D., LL.D.
Rev. Oren Root, D.D., L.H.D.

Fratres in Urbe

Gerrit C. Bronson, E. of N. Y.

Active Members

Seniors

William Root Pinckney Bloyer
Lloyd Paul Stryker
Walter Merrit Brokaw
Thomas Moore Sherman
Howard Craig Bramley
George Hallam Sicard

Juniors

Robert Barton Peck
Aaron Clark Bagg

Sophomores

William Albert Soper
James Carey Cody
Sheldon Salmon Judson, Jr.
William Kemp Lyon

Freshmen

Fred Henry Haggerson
Clark Milton Wilson
Alexander Faickney Osborne
Frederick Hastings Smyth
Howard Miller Bryant
Ravaud Hawley Truax

Sigma Phi Fraternity

Roll of Chapters

Alpha of New York,	Union College,	1827
Beta of New York,	Hamilton College,	1831
Alpha of Massachusetts,	Williams College,	1834
Delta of New York,	Hobart College,	1840
Alpha of Vermont,	Vermont University,	1845
Alpha of Michigan,	Michigan University,	1858
Alpha of Pennsylvania,	Lehigh University,	1887
Epsilon of New York,	Cornell University,	1890

ELLIOTT PHILA.

Alpha Delta Phi

Hamilton Chapter Established in 1832

frater in facultate

Herman C. G. Brandt, A.M., Ph.D.

fratres in urbe

James R. Benton, '90 H. Platt Osborne, '91
Edward North, ex-'72

Active Members

Seniors

John Durant Clark George Robert Warburton
Grosvenor Walker Heacock

Juniors

Earl Mosher Clark E. Willis Ward Hoyt

Sophomores

Alexander Hamilton Holley Marcellus Bailey Holmes
Horace King Holley William Bush Simmons
Ernest Joseph Weeks

Freshmen

John Milton Butler Chester Tilton Stone
Clements Winfield Blodgett William Jenkins Wilcox
Robert Barnes Rudd

Alpha Delta Phi

Roll of Chapters

Hamilton,	Hamilton College,	1832
Columbia,	Columbia College,	1836
Brunonian,	Brown University,	1836
Yale,	Yale University,	1837
Amherst,	Amherst College,	1837
Harvard,	Harvard University,	1837
Hudson,	Adelbert College,	1841
Bowdoin,	Bowdoin College,	1841
Dartmouth,	Dartmouth College,	1846
Peninsular,	University of Michigan,	1846
Rochester,	University of Rochester,	1851
Williams,	Williams College,	1851
Manhattan,	College of City of New York,	1855
Middletown,	Wesleyan University,	1856
Kenyon,	Kenyon College,	1858
Union,	Union University,	1859
Cornell,	Cornell University,	1869
Phi Kappa,	Trinity College,	1878
Johns Hopkins,	Johns Hopkins University,	1889
Minnesota,	University of Minnesota,	1891
Toronto,	University of Toronto,	1893
Chicago,	University of Chicago,	1896
McGill,	McGill University,	1897
Wisconsin,	University of Wisconsin,	1902

ELLIOTT PHILA.

Psi Upsilon

Psi Chapter Established 1843

Frater in Facultate

Frank Hoyt Wood, Ph.D.

Fratres in Urbe

Rev. James H. Taylor, D.D. James H. Taylor, Jr.

Active Members

Seniors

Perry Anson Miller

Juniors

Edward Huntington Bright
Raymond Franklin Dunham
Eldon Carlisle Hemenway
Robert Bartlett Jerome
Oscar William Kuolt

Sophomores

John Sawyer Fitch
Robert Dobell Fraser
Sewell Morgan Jones
Walter Falke Jones
Fred Eugene Joralemon
Leon Gillette Ross
Paul Benjamin Williams

Freshmen

John Lee Hopkins
Norman Fitch Kazenstein
Robert Hiram Plumb
Harold Francis Sabine
Harrison Cook Thomas
Francis Daniel Willoughby

Psi Upsilon

Roll of Chapters

Theta,	Union College,	1833
Delta,	New York University,	1837
Beta,	Yale University,	1839
Sigma,	Brown University,	1840
Gamma,	Amherst College,	1841
Zeta,	Dartmouth College,	1842
Lambda,	Columbia College,	1842
Kappa,	Bowdoin College,	1843
Psi,	Hamilton College,	1843
Xi,	Wesleyan University,	1843
Upsilon,	University of Rochester,	1858
Iota,	Kenyon College,	1860
Phi,	University of Michigan,	1865
Pi,	Syracuse University,	1875
Chi,	Cornell University,	1876
Beta Beta,	Trinity College,	1880
Eta,	Lehigh University,	1884
Tau,	University of Pennsylvania,	1891
Mu,	University of Minnesota,	1891
Rho,	University of Wisconsin,	1896
Omega,	University of Chicago,	1897
Epsilon,	University of California,	1902

ELLIOTT PHILA.

Chi Psi

Alpha Phi Chapter Established in 1845

Frater in Facultate

Joseph Darling Ibbotson, '90

Fratres in Urbe

Frederick E. Barrows, '72 — Clinton Scollard, '81
Milton E. Owen, '92

Active Members

Seniors

Henry Robbins Barrows — Harold Lockwood Ferris
Edward Harry Bennett — George Franklin Gentes
James Franklin Carroll, Jr. — James Lockwood LeMunyan
Conklin Mann

Juniors

Frederick Monroe Barrows — Stanley Elliott Gilbert
Robert Maxwell Scoon

Sophomores

Floyd Dana McLean — Walter Maurice Pratt

Freshmen

Harold Guthrie Aron — Charles Mossman McLean
William Dumont Conklin — Henry Merrill Roenke

Chi Psi

Alphas

Pi,	Union College,	1841
Theta,	Williams College,	1842
Mu,	Middlebury College,	1843
Alpha,	Wesleyan University,	1844
Phi,	Hamilton College,	1845
Epsilon,	University of Michigan,	1845
Chi,	Amherst College,	1864
Psi,	Cornell University,	1869
Tau,	Wofford College,	1869
Nu,	University of Minnesota,	1874
Iota,	University of Wisconsin,	1878
Rho,	Rutgers College,	1879
Xi,	Stevens Inst. of Technology,	1883
Alpha Delta,	University of Georgia,	1890
Beta Delta,	Lehigh University,	1894
Gamma Delta,	Stanford University,	1895
Delta Delta,	University of California,	1895
Epsilon Delta,	University of Chicago,	1898

ELLIOTT PHILA.

Delta Upsilon

Hamilton Chapter Established 1847

Fratres in Facultate

Rev. William Harder Squires, Ph.D.
William Pierce Shepard, Ph.D.
Harry Barnes Ward, A.M.
Henry White, A.B.

Fratres in Urbe

Rev. Edward P. Powell, '53 — Rev. Dwight Scovel, '54

Active Members

Seniors

Colin McDonald — John Ludden Tanner
Robert Norris McLean — Charles Theodore Roosa
Arthur Bennett Maynard — Charles Elmer Spedick

Junior

Cady Hews Allen — Junius Drhu Meeker
Grover Cleveland Clark — Ralph Waldo Swetman
Edman Munger Massee — Clarence Morton Trippe

Sophomores

George Hoyt Allen, Jr. — Frederick William Branch
Harold Otis White

Freshmen

Gordon Busfield — Clarence Eldredge Leavenworth
Paul Dwelle Kneeland — Howard John MacGarry
John Manley Spencer

Delta Upsilon

Active Chapters

Williams,	Williamstown, Mass.,	1834
Union,	Schenectady, N. Y.,	1838
Hamilton,	Clinton, N. Y.,	1847
Amherst,	Amherst, Mass.,	1847
Colby,	Waterville, Me.,	1850
Rochester,	Rochester, N. Y.,	1852
Middlebury,	Middlebury, Vt.,	1856
Bowdoin,	Brunswick, Me.,	1857
Rutgers,	New Brunswick, N. J.,	1858
New York,	New York City,	1865
Adelbert,	Cleveland, Ohio,	1865
Colgate,	Hamilton, N. Y.,	1866
Brown,	Providence, R. I.,	1868
Cornell,	Ithaca, N. Y.,	1869
Marietta,	Marietta, Ohio,	1869
Syracuse,	Syracuse, N. Y.,	1873
Michigan,	Ann Arbor, Mich.,	1876
Northwestern,	Evanston, Ill.,	1880
Harvard,	Cambridge, Mass.,	1885
Wisconsin,	Madison, Wis.,	1885
Columbia,	New York City,	1885
LaFayette,	Easton, Pa.,	1885
Lehigh,	South Bethlehem, Pa.,	1885
Tufts,	College Hill, Mass.,	1886
De Pauw,	Greencastle, Ind.,	1887
Pennsylvania,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	1888
Minnesota,	Minneapolis, Minn.,	1890
Technology,	Boston, Mass.,	1891
Swarthmore,	Swarthmore, Pa.,	1894
Leland Stanford,	Palo Alto, Cal.,	1896
California,	Berkeley, Cal.,	1896
McGill,	Montreal, Que., Can.,	1898
Nebraska,	Lincoln, Neb.,	1898
Toronto,	Toronto, Ont., Can.,	1899
Chicago,	Chicago, Ill.,	1901
Ohio,	Columbus, Ohio,	1904
Illinois,	Champlain, Ill.,	1905

ELLIOTT PHILA.

Delta Kappa Epsilon

Tau Chapter Established 1856

Fratres in Urbe

Elliot S. Williams, '67 — Charles H. Stanton, '72
T. B. Walker, A., '71 — Percy L. Wight, '91
Robert U. Hayes, '05

Active Members

Seniors

Martin Ambrose Driscoll, Jr. — Alexander Magnus Drummond
William Thomas Purdy

Juniors

Harwood Muzzy Schwartz — Kenneth Appley Sprague

Sophomores

Earle Warner Anibal — Frank Townsend Laird
John DuBois Henderson — Joseph Howard Morgan
Benjamin Brokaw Roseboom, Jr.

Freshmen

Carl Arthur Beck — Harold Paterson Osborn
Frank Eli Felt — Samuel Hugh Saunders
William Havens Moore — George Frederick Wallace

Delta Kappa Epsilon

Roll of Chapters

Phi,	Yale University,	1844
Theta,	Bowdoin College,	1844
Xi,	Colby University,	1845
Sigma,	Amherst College,	1846
Psi,	University of Alabama,	1847
Upsilon,	Brown University,	1850
Chi,	University of Mississippi,	1850
Beta,	University of North Carolina,	1851
Eta,	University of Virginia,	1852
Kappa,	Miami University,	1852
Lambda,	Kenyon College,	1852
Pi.	Dartmouth College,	1853
Iota,	Central University,	1854
Alpha Alpha,	Middlebury College,	1854
Omicron,	University of Michigan,	1855
Epsilon,	Williams College,	1855
Rho,	LaFayette College,	1855
Tau,	Hamilton College,	1856
Mu,	Colgate University,	1856
Nu,	College of the City of New York,	1856
Beta Phi,	University of Rochester,	1856
Phi Chi,	Rutgers College,	1861
Psi Chi,	DePauw University,	1866
Gamma Phi,	Wesleyan University,	1867
Psi Omega,	Rensselaer Polytechnic,	1867
Beta Chi,	Adelbert College,	1868
Delta Chi,	Cornell University,	1870
Phi Gamma,	Syracuse University,	1871
Gamma Beta,	Columbia College,	1874
Theta Zeta,	University of California,	1876
Alpha Chi,	Trinity College,	1879
Gamma,	Vanderbilt University,	1889
Phi Epsilon,	University of Minnesota,	1889
Sigma Tau,	Massachusetts Institute of Technology,	1890
Delta Delta,	University of Chicago,	1893
Tau Lambda,	Tulane University,	1898
Alpha Phi,	University of Toronto,	1898
Delta Kappa,	University of Pennsylvania,	1899
Tau Alpha,	McGill University,	1900
Sigma Rho,	Leland Stanford University,	1902

ΘΔΧ
ELLIOTT PHILA

Theta Delta Chi

Psi Charge Established 1868

Frater in Facultate

Thomas Flint Nichols, Ph.D.

Fratres in Urbe

Charles A. Borst, '81 — Charles T. Ives, '92

Active Members

Seniors

Howard Wright Benedict — James Wilford Kellogg
J. Howard Edgerton — Selden Talcott Kinney
Merwyn Humphrey Nellis

Juniors

Frank Charles Brown — Wilson Rood
Charles E. Rynd

Sophomores

Robert Barton Hull — Walker McMartin
Winthrop Huntington Kellogg — Leonard A. Watson

Freshmen

Homer Charles Evans — Fred Edwin Gooding
Horace Griffith Getman — Alexander Humphreys Woolcott

Theta Delta Chi

Roll of Charges

Zeta,	Brown University,	1853
Eta,	Bowdoin College,	1853
Iota,	Harvard University,	1856
Kappa,	Tufts College,	1856
Xi,	Hobart College,	1857
Phi,	Lafayette College,	1866
Chi,	Rochester University,	1867
Psi,	Hamilton College,	1868
Omicron Deuteron,	Dartmouth College,	1869
Beta,	Cornell University,	1870
Lambda,	Boston University,	1876
Pi Deuteron,	College of City of New York,	1881
Rho Deuteron,	Columbia College,	1883
Nu Deuteron,	Lehigh College,	1884
Mu Deuteron,	Amherst College,	1885
Gamma Deuteron,	University of Michigan,	1889
Iota Deuteron,	Williams College,	1891
Tau Deuteron,	University of Minnesota,	1892
Sigma Deuteron,	University of Wisconsin,	1895
Chi Deuteron,	Columbian University,	1896
Delta Deuteron,	University of California,	1900
Zeta Deuteron,	McGill University,	1901
Eta Deuteron,	Leland Stanford University,	1903
Epsilon,	Williams and Mary College,	1904

ELLIOTT PHILA.

N. Y. Epsilon Chapter

OF THE

Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity

Officers for 1905-1906

President

Rev. Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, D.D., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents

Prof. Albro D. Morrill, A.M., M.S.
Clinton Scollard, L.H.D.
Prof. Frank Hoyt Wood, Ph.D.

Secretary

Prof. Joseph D. Ibbotson, Jr.

Treasurer

Prof. Samuel J. Saunders, Ph.D.

Marshal

Prof. Henry White, A.M.

Fratres in Urbe

Rev. Edward P. Powell, A.M.
Prof. Oren Root, D.D., L.H.D.
Rev. Dwight Scovel, A.M.,
Pres. M. W. Stryker, D.D., LL.D.
Prof. H. C. G. Brandt, Ph.D.
Prof. A. D. Morrill, A.M.
Clinton Scollard, A.M.
Prof. Herman L. Ebeling, Ph.D.
Prof. Edward Fitch, Ph.D.
Prof. William H. Squires, Ph.D.
Prof. Samuel J. Saunders, D.Sc.
Prof. Frederick M. Davenport, Ph.D.
Prof. Arthur P. Saunders, Ph.D.
Prof. Joseph D. Ibbotson, Jr., A.M.
Prin. Percy L. Wight, A.M.
Prof. William P. Shepard, Ph.D.
Prof. Thomas F. Nichols, Ph.D.
Prof. Harry B. Ward, A.M.
Prof. Henry White, A.M.
Dr. Roy B. Dudley
Prof. William J. Miller, Ph.D.

Members Elected from the Class of 1905

Frank Cuyler Beach
George Martin Day
F. Wade Paton
Russell Richardson
Edward W. Root
Arthur John Schwab
Richard Updike Sherman
Herman Anthony Speh
Harley Lord Stowell
Charles Bruce Sullivan
Robert H. B. Thompson

Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity

Roll of Chapters

Adelbert,	Alpha of O.	Mount Holyoke,	Zeta of Mass.
Allegheny,	Eta of Penn.	Nebraska,	Alpha of Neb.
Amherst,	Beta of Mass.	N.Y. City College,	Gamma of N. Y.
Boston,	Epsilon of Mass.	N. Y. University,	Beta of N. Y.
Bowdoin,	Alpha of Me.	North Carolina,	Alpha of N. C.
Brown,	Alpha of R. I.	Northwestern,	Alpha of Ill.
California,	Alpha of Calif.	Ohio State,	Epsilon of O.
Chicago,	Beta of Ill.	Pennsylvania,	Delta of Penn.
Cincinnati,	Delta of O.	Princeton,	Beta of N. J.
Colby,	Beta of Me.	Rochester,	Iota of N. Y.
Colgate,	Eta of N. Y.	Rutgers,	Alpha of N. J.
Colorado,	Alpha of Col.	Smith,	Eta of Mass.
Columbia,	Delta of N. Y.	St. Lawrence,	Lambda of N. Y.
Cornell,	Theta of N. Y.	Swarthmore,	Epsilon of Penn.
Dartmouth,	Alpha of N. H.	Syracuse,	Kappa of N. Y.
DePauw,	Alpha of Ind.	Texas,	Alpha of Tex.
Dickinson,	Alpha of Penn.	Trinity,	Beta of Conn.
Hamilton,	Epsilon of N. Y.	Tufts,	Delta of Mass.
Harvard,	Alpha of Mass.	Union,	Alpha of N. Y.
Haverford,	Zeta of Penn.	Vanderbilt,	Alpha of Tenn.
Hobart,	Zeta of N. Y.	Vassar,	Mu of N. Y.
Iowa,	Alpha of Ia.	Vermont,	Alpha of Vt.
Johns Hopkins,	Alpha of Md.	Wabash,	Beta of Ind.
Kansas,	Alpha of Kan.	Wellesley,	Theta of Mass.
Kenyon,	Beta of O.	Wesleyan,	Gamma of Conn.
LaFayette,	Gamma of Penn.	William and Mary	Alpha of Va.
Leland Stanford,	Beta of Calif.	Williams,	Gamma of Mass.
Marietta,	Gamma of O.	Wisconsin,	Alpha of Wis.
Middlebury,	Beta of Vt.	Woman's College,	Beta of Md.
Minnesota,	Alpha of Minn.	Yale,	Alpha of Conn.
Missouri,	Alpha of Mo.		

Emerson Literary Society

Organized 1882 at Hamilton College

Roll of Members

Seniors

James Frank Crawford
Ernest Kruse Edie
Clifford Penny Fitch
Floyd D. French
Harry Miles Garvey
Allen Robert Hallock
Louis Edward Haven
Clayton Louis Jenks
Walter Gray Miller
Alexander Thompson, Jr.
William Herbert Watson

Juniors

Edward Carroll Day
George Henry Dudley
Archibald Longworth Love
William Frederick Grossmeyer

Sophomores

Clarence Elmer Babcock
Erwin Eugene Babcock
Oscar Mortimer Bate
Charles E. Clark
William Kent Dunwell
Julius Edward Greengard
James Ward Lewis
Lester Charles Newton
George Briton Smith

Freshmen

Joseph Luke Appleton, Jr.
Denton Egbert Brome, Jr.
Elbert Osborne Day
Claude Francis Griffis
John Lyon Hatfield
Clarence Edmund Krumholtz
Leon Harmon Lewis
William Deloss Love
William Arthur Marriott
Mark Rifenbark
Richard John Williams
Rome David Worden

E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

Psi Delta Tau

Established 1905 at Hamilton College

Active Members

Seniors

Fred Alvin Lawrence
James Albert Melrose
Chester Arthur Sittig

Juniors

Richard Matthews Elsea
Earle Llewellyn Montgomery

Sophomores

Harry Beck
Richard Hughes
Carl Douglas Huntington
Fred Henry Kitson
Harry William Smith

Freshmen

Paul Franklin Baum
Harry James Bullion
James Mangus
John VanLiew Morris

ATHLETIC
HALL
DAY '07

Athletic Association

Advisory Board

Officers

President,	Prof. Frank H. Wood
Vice-President,	Prof. Henry White, '98
Treasurer,	Prof. Frederick M. Davenport
Secretary,	Earl M. Clark, '07

Members

Manager of Football,	R. B. Jerome, '07
Assistant Manager,	W. M. Pratt, '08
Captain,	H. M. Schwartz, '07
Manager of Baseball,	O. W. Kuolt, '07
Assistant Manager,	A. H. Holley, '08
Captain,	H. L. Ferris, '06
Manager of Track Athletics,	R. M. Scoon, '07
Assistant Manager,	J. D. Henderson, '08
Captain,	G. H. Sicard, '06
Manager of Basket-ball,	W. M. Brokaw, '06
Assistant Manager,	G. W. Gordon, '07
Captain,	O. W. Kuolt, '07
Manager of Tennis,	W. T. Purdy, '06
Assistant Manager,	G. C. Clark, '07
Captain,	G. H. Sicard, '06
Manager of Musical Clubs,	F. D. French, '06
Assistant Manager,	J. D. Meeker, '07
Sophomore Representative,	H. K. Holley, '08
Freshman Representative,	H. G. Getman, '09

College Representative for N. Y. S. I. A. U., R. M. Scoon, '07

Alumni Representatives

Pres. M. W. Stryker, '72	S. Kellogg, '88
Hon. J. S. Sherman, '79	S. C. Brandt, '89
G. E. Dunham, '79	J. Rudd, '90
Clinton Scollard, '81	R. G. Kelsey, '98
F. M. Calder, '82	F. Cunningham, '99
C. B. Rogers, '87	R. C. S. Drummond, '01

Prof. T. F. Nichols

H

Football History

THE true aim of a Hamilton Athletic Team, to represent and bind together "Our Little College on the Hill," was never better carried out than by the khaki-clad band led by "Bram." How the team did represent us! It was light, so light as to discourage some; but good coaching and perseverance made Hamilton's end runs the feature of the Cornell game, gave Colgate's supporters enough heart-throbs in five minutes to last a whole season, and made Syracuse fight for the only game we decisively lost. And never were Alumni, Faculty, student body and friends so united as they were in making, in supporting, and in praising the team of 1905.

We had a coach who knew our needs and filled them, a captain who had the respect and admiration of every member of the team, a faithful scrub, and support that was never better. All things combined to make a successful season. But the fundamental cause, the keystone of the whole structure, as anyone who has heard "Carissima" knows, and of which he is so proud, was Hamilton spirit. May it never die!

CAPT. H. C. BRAMLEY, '06

CAPT. H. L. FERRIS, '06

FOOTBALL

The Football Team

Officers

Captain, H. C. Bramley
Manager, H. W. Benedict

'Varsity

L. E. — LeMunyan, '06
L. T. — Schwartz, '07
L. G. — Swetman, '07 C. — Nellis, '06
R. G. — Thompson, '06 R. T. — Barrows, '06
R. E. — Sicard, '06 Q. B. — Bramley, '06
L. H. — Haggerson, '08, Ferris, '06 R. H. — Moore, '09
F. B. — Mann, '06

Substitutes

End — White, '08 Tackle — Bloyer, '06 Center — Bennett, '06
Halves — Stryker, '06, Roosa, '06 Quarterback — Holley, '08

Games

Sept. 27,	Hamilton vs. Cornell, at Ithaca	0—5
Oct. 2,	Hamilton vs. St. Lawrence, at Clinton	12—0
Oct. 7,	Hamilton vs. Rochester, at Rochester	29—0
Oct. 14,	Hamilton vs. Syracuse, at Clinton,	0—27
Oct. 21,	Hamilton vs. St. Lawrence, at Canton	11—11
Oct. 28,	Hamilton vs. Trinity, at Clinton	21—17
Nov. 4,	Hamilton vs. Union, at Schenectady	17—0
Nov. 11,	Hamilton vs. Colgate, at Hamilton	15—17
	Hamilton 105	
	Opponents 77	

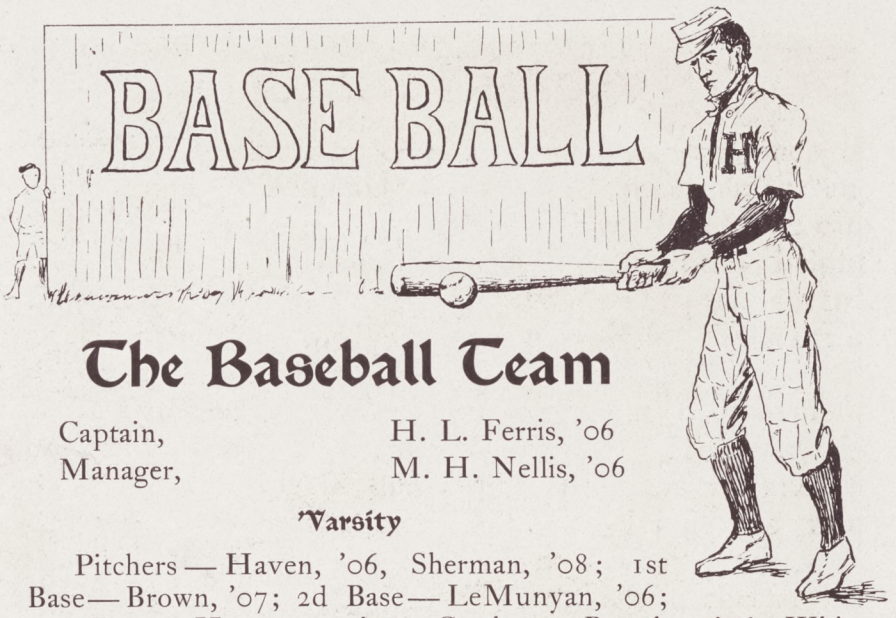
Baseball History

THE baseball season was one of preparation, and yet of victory too, and has brightened considerably the prospects of a good year in 1906. We took two games from Hobart, broke even with Union, and won from St. Lawrence and Utica. Colgate defeated us twice, and fortune favored Rochester in both her games. Syracuse met us in an evil hour and beat us. Altogether we scored 75 points to our opponents' 69. We were outplayed in no game of the season, but lost mainly through bad judgment and bad luck. When we consider that a large part of the team was made up of new and inexperienced material, whatever slight faults there were may be overlooked.

In Ferris the team had a leader of great capability. He was always in the game, and kept the fellows hard at work. To him is due a large share of our success.

To Haven also the team owes much. Throughout the season he pitched masterly ball, and even in the face of defeat he never let up.

The outfield as usual was impregnable. The infield was erratic at times but played excellent ball.



The Baseball Team

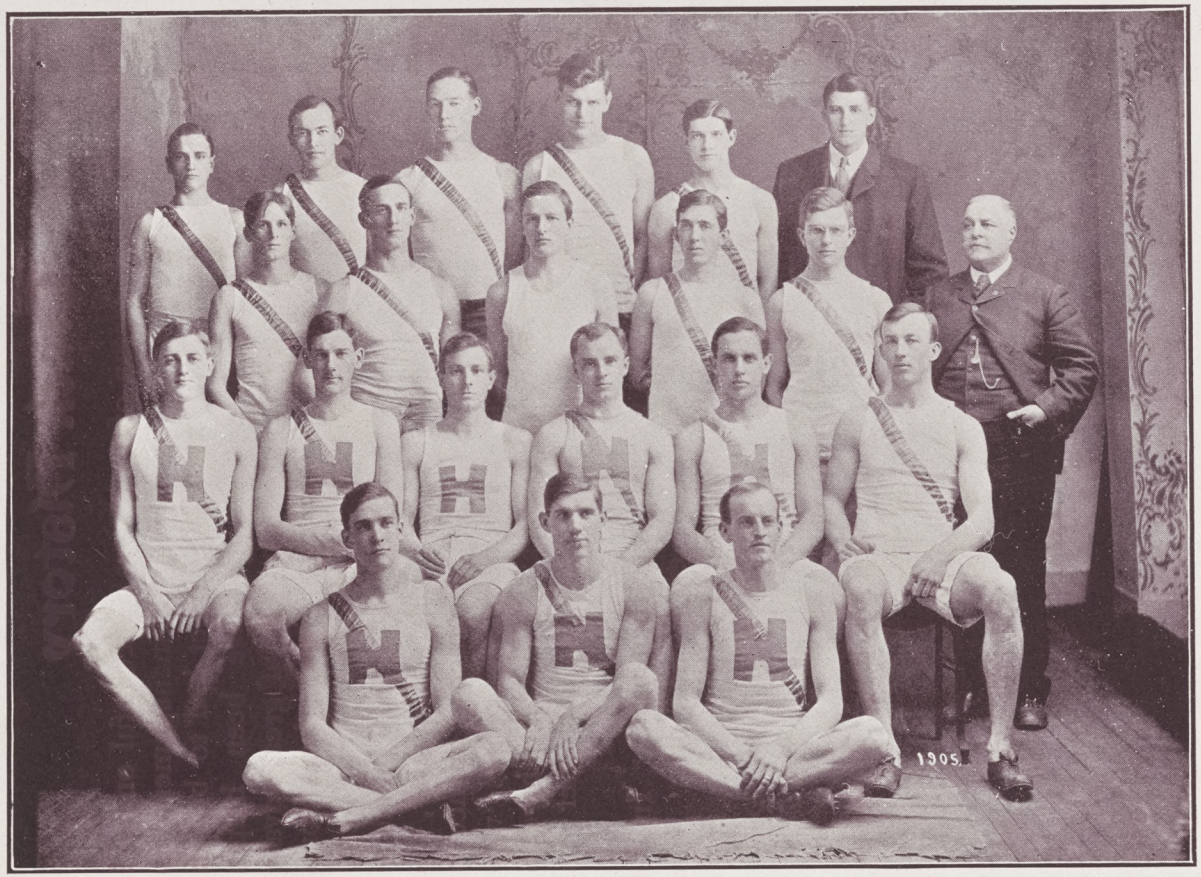
Captain, H. L. Ferris, '06
Manager, M. H. Nellis, '06

Varsity

Pitchers — Haven, '06, Sherman, '08; 1st Base — Brown, '07; 2d Base — LeMunyan, '06; 3rd Base — Haggerson, '08; Catchers — Bramley, '06, White, '08; Short-stop — Clark, '08; Right Field — Sherman, '06; Left Field — Stiles, '05; Center Field — Ferris, '06.

Games

April	26, Hamilton vs. U. F. A., at Clinton	16 —	1
May	1, Hamilton vs. St. Lawrence, at Clinton	13 —	5
	6, Hamilton vs. Union, at Schenectady	3 —	12
	8, Hamilton vs. Rochester, at Clinton	11 —	14
	13, Hamilton vs. Colgate, at Hamilton	5 —	7
	16, Hamilton vs. Hobart, at Clinton	3 —	0
	25, Hamilton vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	2 —	6
	26, Hamilton vs. Hobart, at Geneva	8 —	4
	27, Hamilton vs. Rochester, at Rochester	5 —	6
June	2, Hamilton vs. Union, at Clinton	7 —	4
	6, Hamilton vs. Colgate, at Clinton	2 —	10
	Hamilton	75	
	Opponents	69	


1905

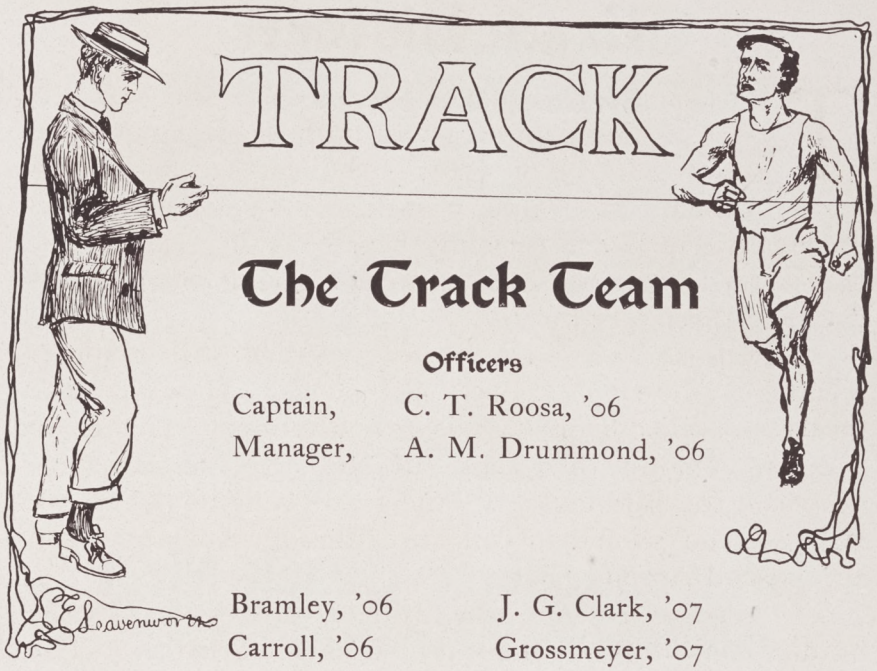
Track History

THE track season of 1905 was a successful one. It was a disappointment to both management and team that the St. Lawrence meet had to be cancelled. It would probably have been helpful financially and would certainly have been of great advantage in trying out the new men and giving them confidence in the larger meets.

At Syracuse we were outclassed, but still made a creditable showing against such odds. However, the meet was valuable in that it gave the men a chance to compete against first-class athletes. Its results were shown in the Intercollegiate meet at Rochester where we made a good second to Colgate, although Rochester had an unusually strong team.

The team as a whole was stronger than usual. In the hurdles and jumps all the men did excellent work. The pole vault and weight events fell below the standard set in practice. The showing on the track was up to the average if it did not exceed it, and in some cases was better than we had hoped for.

But few men were lost last year and the prospects for a successful season are bright.



The Track Team

Officers

Captain, C. T. Roosa, '06

Manager, A. M. Drummond, '06

Bramley, '06
Carroll, '06
Ferris, '06
MacDonald, '06
Roosa, '06
Peck, '07

J. G. Clark, '07
Grossmeyer, '07
Bagg, '07
Meeker, '07
Montgomery, '07
Scoon, '07
Swetman, '07
McCarthy, '08

Smith, '08
Roseboom, '08
H. K. Holley, '08
McLean, '08
R. Sherman, '08
Hull, '08

Triangular Meet

Syracuse, May 20, 1905

Syracuse 60 *Colgate 44* *Hamilton 13*

100-yard Dash—Castleman, *C.*, Davis, *S.*, Sicard, H. 10 seconds.
220-yard Dash—Castleman, *C.*, Davis, *S.*, Sicard, *H.* 22 1-5 seconds.
440-yard Dash—Squires, *S.*, Cox, *S.*, Roosa, *H.* 53 seconds.
880-yard Dash—Squires, *S.*, Hayes, *S.*, Sisson, *C.* 2 minutes 3 2-5 seconds.
Mile Run—Leach, *C.*, Thompson, *C.*, Sandmeyer, *S.* 4 minutes 51 1-5 seconds.
Two-mile Run—Boyd, *S.*, Burton, *C.*, Call, *S.* 10 minutes 18 seconds.
120-yard Hurdle—Castleman, *C.*, Sicard, *H.*, Holley, *H.* 15 4-5 seconds.
220-yard Hurdle—Castleman, *C.*, Robertson, *S.*, Roosa, *H.* 25 2-5 seconds.
Broad Jump—Ferris, *H.*, Cummins, *C.*, Hanke, *C.* 20 feet 6 1-2 inches.
High Jump—Treible, *S.*, Hawkins, *S.*, Carroll, *H.* 5 feet 5 inches.
Pole Vault—Allen, *S.*, Nichols, *C.*, Southworth, *S.* 10 feet.
Shot Put—Tucker, *S.*, Benedict, *S.*, Ford, *C.* 37 feet 1 1-4 inches.
Hammer Throw—O'Mara, *S.*, Thurber, *C.*, Deming, *C.* 124 feet 8 inches.

Intercollegiate Track Meet

Crittenden Park, Rochester, May 30, 1905

Colgate 54 2-3 *Hamilton 37* *Rochester 25 1-3*

100-yard Dash—Palmer, *R.*, Castleman, *C.*, Bidwell, *R.* 10 4-5 seconds.
120-yard Hurdle—Castleman, *C.*, Palmer, R., Sicard, *H.* 16 4-5 seconds.
Mile Run—Leach, *C.*, Burton, *C.*, Meeker, *H.* 4 minutes 53 seconds.
440-yard Dash—Palmer, *R.*, Roosa, *H.*, Bramley, *H.* 52 1-5 seconds.
Two-mile Run—Leach, *C.*, Smith, *H.*, Burton, *C.* 11 minutes.
220-yard Hurdle—Castleman, *C.*, Holley, *H.*, Roosa, *H.* 27 seconds.
880 yard Dash—Sisson, *C.*, Wheeler, *C.*, VanBuskirk, *R.* 2 min. 4 2-5 sec.
220-yard Dash—Castleman, *C.*, Sicard, *H.*, Bidwell, *R.* 23 2-5 seconds.
Shot Put—Ford, *C.*, Sherman, *H.*, Gilbert, *R.* 36 feet.
Pole Vault—Wood, *R.*, Nichols, *C.*, Holley and Scoon, *H.* 9 feet 7 inches.
High Jump—Carroll, *H.*, Bagg, *H.*, Wood, *R.*, Castleman, Deming, *C.* 5 ft. 4 in.
Hammer Throw—Thurber, *C.*, Gilbert, *R.*, Sherman, *H.* 112 feet.
Broad Jump—Ferris, *H.*, Holley, *H.*, Cummins, *C.* 21 feet 1 inch.

Hamilton Track Records

100-yard Dash—Lee, '91, May '91; VanAllen, '02, May '00; Jones, '03, May '03; Sicard, '06, May '05. 10 1-5 seconds.
220-yard Dash—Spurlarke, '89, May '89; VanAllen, '02, May '00; Jones, '03, May '02; Sicard, '06, May '05. 23 seconds.
440-yard Dash—Roosa, '06, May '03. 51 4-5 seconds.
880-yard Dash—Ostrander, '99, May '99. 1 minute 59 3-5 seconds.
Two-mile Run—Wood, '04, May '04. 10 minutes 39 1-5 seconds.
One-mile Run—Ostrander, '99, May '98. 4 minutes 35 3-5 seconds.
120-yard Hurdle—Sicard, '06, May '04. 16 3-5 seconds.
220-yard Hurdle—Roosa, '06, May '03. 26 3-5 seconds.
Shot Put—Minor, '04, May '04. 37 feet 1-2 inch.
Hammer Throw—Blakely, '03, May '03. 124 feet 8 inches.
High Jump—McLaughlin, '03, Remington, '04, May '01. 5 feet 5 inches.
Broad Jump—Robertson, '99, McLaughlin, '01. 21 feet 2 inches.
Pole Vault—Wicks, '04, May '02. 10 feet 2 1-2 inches.
Discus Throw—Miner, '04, May '03. 117 feet 4 inches.

Interscholastic Records

100-yard Dash—Young, Colgate Academy. 10 1-5 seconds.
220-yard Dash—Wood, Potsdam Normal. 23 2-5 seconds.
440-yard Dash—Taylor, Utica. 56 1-5 seconds.
880-yard Dash—Newell, Potsdam Normal. 2 minutes 10 3-5 seconds.
One-mile Run—Grannis, Syracuse. 5 minutes 3 3-5 seconds.
Two-mile Run—Esmay, Utica. 11 minutes 7 1-5 seconds.
120-yard Hurdle—Brownell, Potsdam Normal. 17 4-5 seconds.
220-yard Hurdle—Gruno, Colgate Academy. 28 1-5 seconds.
Shot Put—Sherman, Mt. Vernon. 44 feet 1 inch (12 lb. shot.)
Hammer Throw—Horr, Colgate Academy. 143 feet.
Broad Jump—Blumer, Syracuse. 20 feet 3 1-3 inches.
High Jump—Barcus, Jenners. 5 feet 2 inches.
Pole Vault—Robb, Gouverneur. 9 feet 8 inches.

Interscholastic Meet

Steuben Field, May 13, 1905

100-yard Dash—Cook, Binghamton; Nutt, Walton; Turnbull, Walton. 11 seconds.

120-yard Hurdle—Talcott, Lafayette; Blumer, Syracuse; Stansfield, Jenners. 18 3-5 seconds.

880-yard Dash—Simons, Gouverneur; Bell, Mt. Vernon; Wallace, Syracuse. 2 minutes 13 1-5 seconds.

440-yard Dash—Talcott, Lafayette; Nutt, Walton; Monroe, Syracuse. 57 4-5 seconds.

Shot Put (12 lb.)—Wood, Syracuse; Edwards, Jenners; Fitzwater, Syracuse Classical. 40 feet 5 inches.

One-mile Run—Grannis, Syracuse; Lee, Syracuse; Haggerty, Binghamton. 5 minutes 3 3-5 seconds.

220-yard Dash—Talcott, Lafayette; Wells, Syracuse; Allen, Clinton. 25 2-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Talcott, Lafayette; Moore, Clinton; Spencer, Gouverneur. 19 feet 4 1-2 inches.

Pole Vault—Robb, Gouverneur; Kehoe, Syracuse; Deforest, Walton, and Wilson, Holyoke. 9 feet 8 inches.

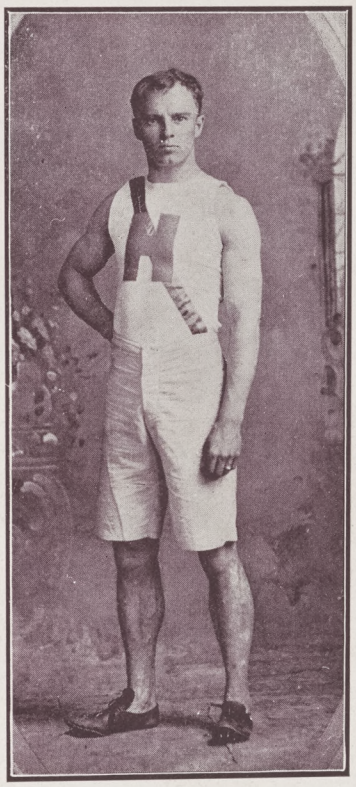
Two-mile Run—Hubbard, Syracuse; Benjamin, Syracuse; Williams, Utica. 11 minutes 8 2-5 seconds.

220-yard Hurdle—Dunlap, Batavia; Blumer, Syracuse; Stansfield, Jenners. 29 2-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—Edwards, Jenners; Fitzwater, Syracuse Classical; McNaught, Walton. 116 feet 1 1-2 inches.

High Jump—Talcott, Lafayette; Wilson, Holyoke; Becker, Syracuse. 5 feet 1 3-4 inches.

CONKLIN MANN, '06



CHARLES T. ROOSA, '06

H
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1906

Basket-ball History

BASKET-BALL in 1906 was a success at Hamilton. The team played consistently and well and the score proves the kind of stuff of which the 'Varsity was made. This year, for the first time in four years, we defeated Rochester on her own floor, and then proved our skill in administering a second beating in our Gym. Every game, whether a victory or a defeat, was well-played and hard.

After Christmas, work began in earnest under Coach Watson. Daily practices, a strong, faithful scrub, and a training table, turned out a team which was an honor to the College. Every man, from Capt. Sherman down through the whole list, did his utmost to make a winning team. Bramley, Sicard, LeMunyan, Kuolt, Swetman and Wilson made up the 'Varsity, and it was a good one.

Several new games, in addition to our regular schedule, were played this year. Dartmouth, in a close and somewhat rough game, defeated us on the Armory floor in Utica. We played the College of the City of New York successfully on the Hill. Syracuse defeated us twice this year, as did Colgate, but they were all good games, and we offer no apologies for them.

The trip into New England was a success. Trinity was badly beaten, and Wesleyan won by a basket in an over-time game, which was one of the best of the season. Williams defeated us in a clean, hard game on their floor. But we made ourselves felt and played good ball.

All the credit is due to Capt. Sherman and Coach Watson for the success of the year, and all honor to the rest of the team for their spirit and work. We lose four men this year, but from the good squad under Capt. Kuolt, Hamilton is assured a bright outlook for the season of 1907.

BASKET BALL

The Basket-Ball Team

Officers

W. M. Brokaw, '06, Manager
T. M. Sherman, '06, Captain

'Varsity

L. F. — G. H. Sicard, '06
R. F. — O. W. Kuolt, '07
C. — C. M. Wilson, '09
L. G. — T. M. Sherman, '06 R. G. — H. C. Bramley, '06

Substitutes

J. L. Lemunyan, '06, R. W. Swetman, '07

Games Played

Dec.	6,	Hamilton vs. Utica Free Academy, at Clinton,	90–16
Dec.	9,	Hamilton vs. Waterville Y. M. C. A., at Clinton,	77– 7
Jan.	17,	Hamilton vs. St. Lawrence, at Clinton,	44– 3
Jan.	26,	Hamilton vs. Rochester, at Rochester,	30–22
Jan.	31,	Hamilton vs. Rochester, at Clinton,	46–19
Feb.	3,	Hamilton vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse,	10–61
Feb.	5,	Hamilton vs. Colgate, at Hamilton,	30–51
Feb.	12,	Hamilton vs. Syracuse, at Clinton,	16–28
Feb.	21,	Hamilton vs. College of the City of New York, at Clinton,	79– 6
Feb.	23,	Hamilton vs. Dartmouth, at Utica,	17–26
Feb.	26,	Hamilton vs. Trinity, at Hartford,	45–31
Feb.	37,	Hamilton vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown,	19–21
Feb.	28,	Hamilton vs. Williams, at Wiliamstown,	4–24
March	5,	Hamilton vs. Colgate, at Clinton,	12–27
		Points scored by Hamilton, 517	
		Points scored by opponents, 342	

Tennis History

OUR tennis department has made strides of prodigious energy in the past two seasons, and is claiming increased recognition as a college sport. No longer may the manager iterate that irritating pun relative to the tennis department's finance. The long-dormant half-dollar is a thing of tradition and hazy memory; while the captain actually plays games—we have his statement.

We may justly boast of last season's record. There was no defeat in the schedule, which included no easy propositions. Union, Syracuse, Colgate, all three went down in defeat before the racquettes of our agile and well-trained team. For Hamilton's tennis teams train conscientiously, in obedience of a college tradition which, oddly enough, originated in the good halcyon days of idleness. Victory bids fair to become another tradition, and it is admittedly a good one, provided that it is always possible of achievement.

The college courts are beautifully situated in the rear of Carnegie. They are admirably cared for by an efficient manager.

Our schedule for the season is as yet incomplete. Arrangements with Colgate, Williams, Syracuse and Union are contemplated. Some or all of these games will be played, and the management will endeavor to give the College a chance to see the team work on the Campus courts.

TENNIS

The Team

Russell Richardson, '05, Manager
G. H. Sicard, '06, Captain

Singles

G. H. Sicard, '06
G. M. Day, '05
Russell Richardson, '05
F. P. Mills, '05

Substitutes

T. M. Sherman, '06 E. C. Day, '07 W. B. Simmons, '08

Doubles

G. H. Sicard, '06, and G. M. Day, '05

Games Played

May 24, 1905, Hamilton vs. Union, at Schenectady,		4-1
May 27, 1905, Hamilton vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse,		6-1
June 13, 1905, Hamilton vs. Colgate, at Hamilton,		4-2
Points scored by Hamilton,	14	
Points scored by opponents,	4	

T. M. SHERMAN, '06

G. H. SICARD, '06

Gym. Show History

THE 1906 Gym. Show takes its place among the most representative and thoroughly successful of Hamilton enterprises. Owing to the omission of last year's show both the public and the College looked forward to the performance with unusual zest. Though the net profit did not equal that of past years, the entertainment itself was of far higher average merit. There is no occasion that shows so conclusively what we can do here in the way of organization, gymnastic drilling, and purely internal development, as this Gym. Show. While perhaps many colleges could do it, we know of none that does, and we consequently feel privileged to all praise. This year in particular these things showed. We had no brilliant individual talent to fall back upon, but the sum total of every man's efforts did wonders. Never have the Glee and Mandolin Clubs done so well, never have the fellows responded so ably to "Uncle's" drilling, and never was an audience so sympathetically appreciative. We feel confident that a Gym. Show every year would be a success. A splendid advertisement it is, certainly.

1906

H. R. Barrows, *F*
E. H. Bennett, *F*
H. C. Bramley, *F*, *B*, *T*, *b*
J. F. Carroll, *T*
M. A. Driscoll, Jr., *T*
J. H. Edgerton, *T*
H. L. Ferris, *F*, *B*, *T*
L. E. Haven, *B*
C. Mann, *F*, *T*
W. G. Miller, *B*
M. H. Nellis, *F*
C. T. Roosa, *F*, *T*
T. M. Sherman, *B*, *b*
G. H. Sicard, *F*, *T*, *b*, *t*
L. P. Stryker, *F*
A. Thompson, Jr., *F*
J. L. LeMunyan, *F*, *B*, *b*

1907

A. C. Bagg, *T*
F. C. Brown, *B*
O. W. Kuolt, *b*
J. D. Meeker, *T*
R. M. Scoon, *T*
H. M. Schwartz, *F*, *b*
R. W. Swetman, *F*, *b*

1908

C. E. Clark, *B*
H. K. Holley, *F*, *T*
H. W. Smith, *T*
H. O. White, *B*

1909

F. H. Haggerson, *F*, *B*
C. M. Wilson, *b*

F, football; *B*, baseball; *T*, track; *b*, basket-ball; *t*, tennis insignia

COLLEGE CLUBS

Musical Clubs History

LESS than a college generation ago the Hamilton Musical Clubs contented themselves with a concert in Clinton at the classic Scollard Opera House, the "Prom. Concert," and a barnstorming expedition or two, taking in Vernon, Waterville and other towns of lesser (we use only the comparative under protest) importance.

Last winter the mode of procedure was materially changed. The almost proverbial lack of ambition and interest in Musical Club managers failed to materialize, and Manager French scheduled concerts in cities (not flag stations) and brought the organization out ahead financially.

Another decided departure was vesting the leadership of both clubs in one man, and more important, the responsibility on one pair of shoulders. In the elections last spring, William T. Purdy, '06, was chosen to lead both clubs. To lead one is honor and hard work enough for the average man. To stand at the head of both, seemed to all an exceptionally hard task, as well as a decidedly doubled responsibility. Purdy, however, filled the positions as they have never been filled before, and fulfilled the trust imposed in him with unflinching fidelity.

The season opened as usual in Clinton, with its accustomed critical college audience, and the popularly pervertive adage that "criticism is good for the soul" was thoroughly demonstrated once more. The College, the the Faculty, and *Life* criticised, and the clubs derived much benefit from their remarks.

On February first the battalion of "suit-caseists" left for Auburn, where they were heartily welcomed by the

alumni, and tendered a banquet at the City Club, and a memorable "Dutch lunch." The concert before Auburn's noted "musical set" went off smoothly, and was generously received.

Elmira and five hundred girls at the Elmira Female College was next on the list. Here several began composing "hard luck" letters to previously invited "Prom. girls," and made new arrangements with the collegians.

Binghamton and more enthusiastic alumni was visited the next day. The Lady Jane Gray School captured most of those who escaped Elmira, and spurred the clubs on to the best concert of the trip. A dance, lasting to (we almost said into) Sunday, wound up the trip, when French was voted a medal (a mind medal) and college work was resumed.

As for next season—that's a question. Another departure has already been made in a Junior to lead the Glee Club. How this change will work out lies entirely in his hands. To live up to this year's standard Trippe and Simmons have got to work hard and faithfully, and Meeker will have his hands full in maintaining the record established by the outgoing manager.

Officers

F. D. French, '06, Manager
W. T. Purdy, '06, Leader

First Tenor

L. P. Stryker, '06
E. M. Massee, '07
W. B. Simmons, '08
J. S. Fitch, '08
F. E. Felt, '09

Second Tenor

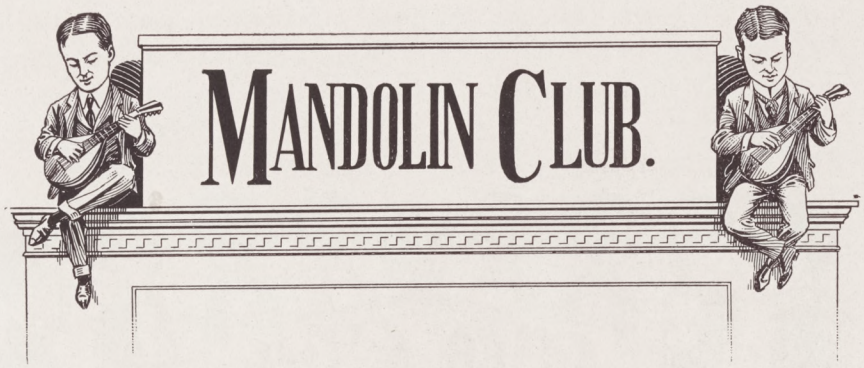
W. T. Purdy, '06
A. Thompson, '06
B. B. Roseboom, Jr., '08
H. Beck, '08
F. H. Smyth, '09

First Bass

G. H. Sicard, '06
G. N. Warburton, '06
C. H. Allen, '07
R. M. Scoon, '07
M. Rifenbark, '09

Second Bass

A. M. Drummond, '06
E. W. W. Hoyt, '07
A. C. Bagg, '07
H. O. White, '08
J. M. Spencer, '09
C. E. Leavenworth, '09



Officers

F. D. French, Manager
W. T. Purdy, Leader

First Mandolin

W. T. Purdy, '06
C. M. Trippe, '07
E. M. Massee, '07
E. C. Hemenway, '07
K. F. Adams, '08
C. E. Leavenworth, '09

Second Mandolin

L. E. Haven, '06
H. K. Holley, '08
J. S. Fitch, '08
G. H. Allen, '08
F. E. Felt, '09
H. M. Roenke, '09

Violin

E. W. W. Hoyt, '07
A. L. Love, '07
F. E. Joralemon, '08

Guitar

J. H. Edgerton, '06
J. M. Spencer, '09

Piccolo-Banjo

L. P. Stryker, '06

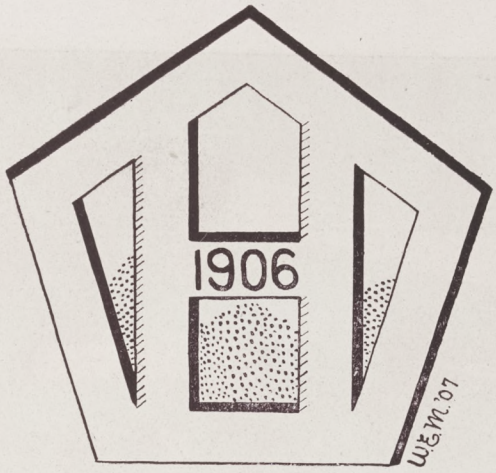
Traps

G. H. Sicard, '06

Clarionet

A. C. Bagg, '07

SICARD, '06 WHITE, '08
PURDY, '06 STRYKER, '06



Graduate Members

Richard C. S. Drummond, '01
Warren J. McLaughlin, '01
Jesse B. Millham, '01
Edward E. Stowell, '01
Goss L. Stryker, '01
Nelson L. Drummond, '02
Dewey T. Hawley, '02
Arthur H. Naylor, '02
Charles T. Signor, '02
John W. VanAllen, '02
James S. Carmer, '03
Joel D. Hunter, '03
Henry T. Maxwell, '03
David H. Peet, '03
Elihu Root, Jr., '03
Willard P. Soper, '04
John L. Strickland, '04
Charles H. Toll, '04
Robert R. Wicks, '04
Floyd M. Wills, '04
George M. Day, '05
Edward C. MacIntyre, '05
Arthur J. Schwab, '05
Richard U. Sherman, '05
Herman A. Speh, '05
Harley L. Stowell, '05

Honorary Members

*Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, '42
Hon. Elihu Root, '64
Alex. C. Soper, '67
Henry H. Benedict, '69
*Dr. W. R. Terrett, Williams, '71
Pres. M. Woolsey Stryker, '72
Hon. Chauncey S. Truax '75
Hon. James S. Sherman, '78
George E. Dunham, '79
Clinton Scollard, '81
Charles B. Rogers, '87
Schuyler C. Brandt, '89
Joseph Rudd, '91
Samuel H. Adams, '91
Dr. Frank H. Wood, Syracuse, '91
Robert T. Kelsey, '98
Prof. Henry White, '98
H. Murray Andrews, '99
Richard S. Cookinham, '00

Undergraduates

Howard C. Bramley
Alexander M. Drummond
Merwyn H. Nellis
Charles T. Roosa
Conklin Mann

Officers

E. M. Massee,	President
R. F. Dunham,	Vice-President
C. M. Trippe,	Secretary
R. M. Scoon,	Scorer

Members

Sigma Phi

A. C. Bagg — R. B. Peck

Alpha Delta Phi

E. M. Clark — E. W. W. Hoyt

Psi Upsilon

E. H. Bright — R. F. Dunham
E. C. Hemenway — R. B. Jerome
O. W. Kuolt

Chi Psi

F. M. Barrows — S. E. Gilbert
R. M. Scoon

Delta Upsilon

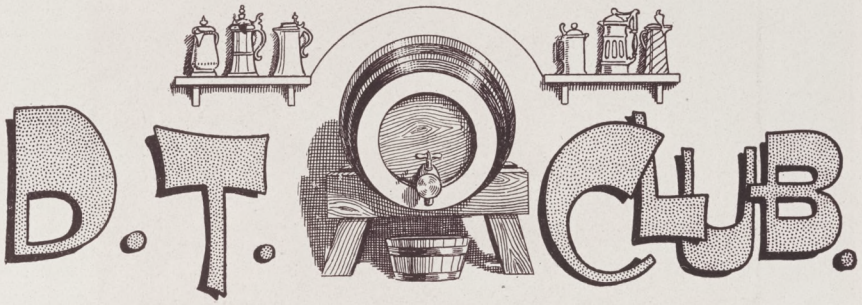
C. H. Allen — G. C. Clark
E. M. Massee — J. D. Meeker
R. W. Swetman — C. M. Trippe

Delta Kappa Epsilon

H. M. Schwartz — K. A. Sprague

Theta Delta Chi

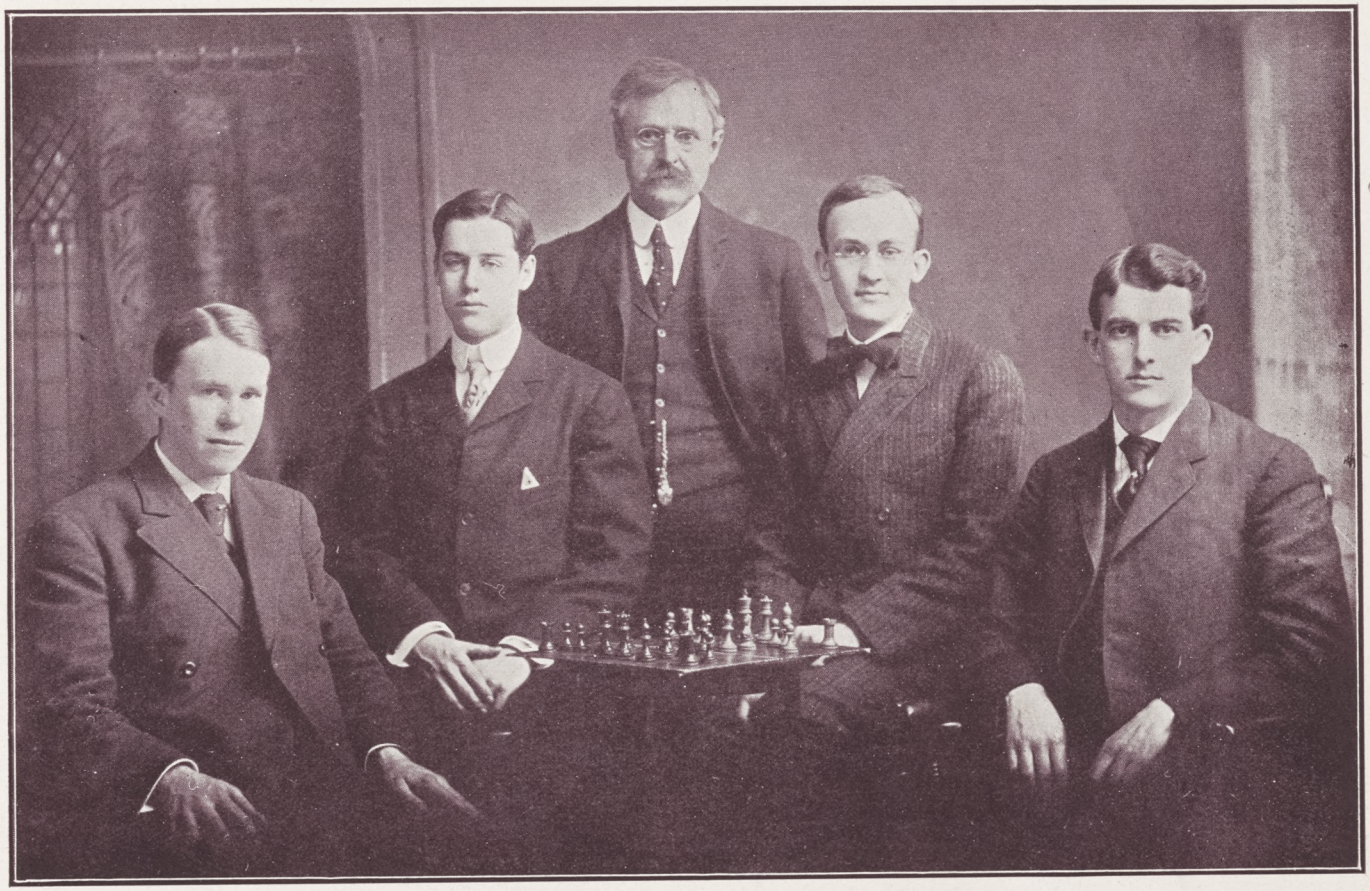
F. C. Brown — Wilson Rood
Charles Rynd

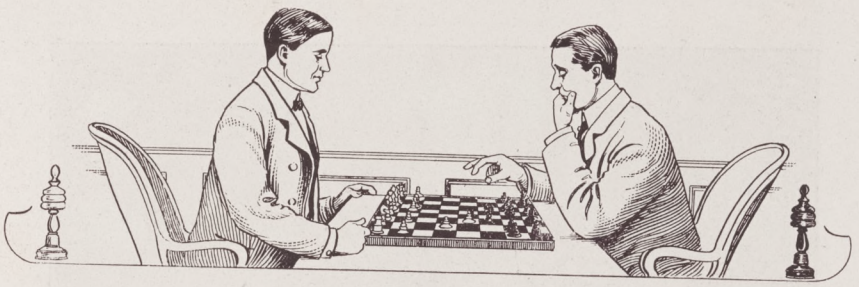


Sophomore Society

Members

G. H. Allen, Jr.
F. H. Haggerson
J. D. Henderson
M. B. Holmes
S. M. Jones
S S. Judson, Jr.
F. D. McLean
Walker McMartin
W. M. Pratt
B. B. Roseboom, Jr.
Leonard Watson
H. O. White
P. B. Williams





Chess Club

Officers

M. A. Driscoll, Jr., '06,	President
H. R. Barrows, '06,	Vice-President
J. F. Carroll, Jr., '06,	Treasurer
W. Rood, '07,	Secretary

Team 1906

M. A. Driscoll, Jr., '06, (Capt.)	L. Watson, '08
H. R. Barrows, '06	R. H. Truax, '09

Members

H. W. Benedict, '06	K. A. Sprague, '07
A. M. Drummond, '06	R. B. Jerome, '07
S. T. Kinney, '06	W. Rood, '07
W. T. Purdy, '06	L. Watson, '08
J. F. Carroll, Jr., '06	C. D. Huntington, '09
G. H. Sicard, '06	R. H. Truax, '09
A. R. Hallock, '06	H. G. Aron, '09
T. M. Sherman, '06	W. J. Wilcox, '09
M. A. Driscoll, Jr., '06	P. F. Baum, '09
H. R. Barrows, '06	F. E. Felt, '09

Buttinsky

Flower

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

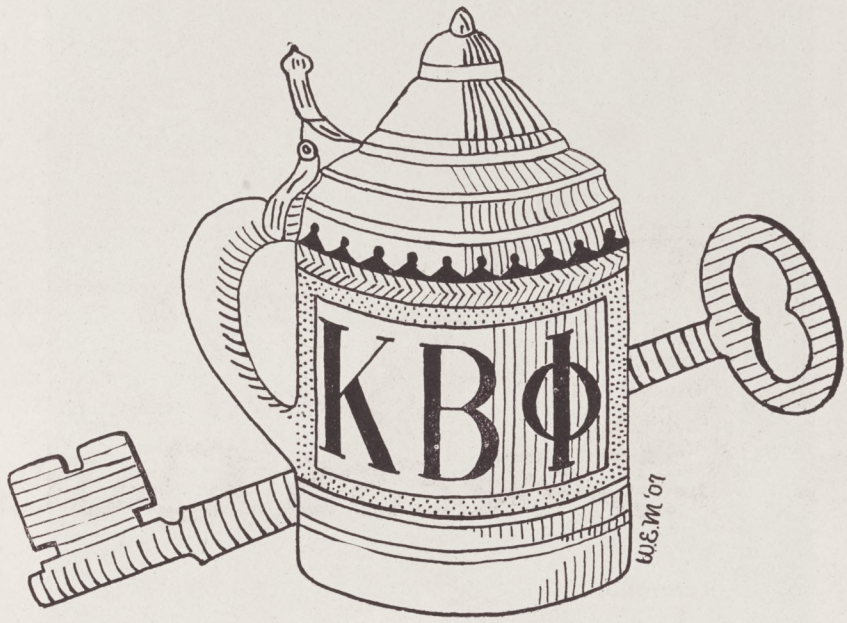
Graduate Members

A. L. Kessler, '97,	Brandt, Pa.
F. F. Brandt, '04,	Clinton
D. J. Carter, '04,	Greene
L. J. Ehret, '04,	New York
P. Knox, '04,	Penn Yan
R. U. Hayes, '05,	Clinton
C. W. Loftis, '05,	Frankfort
F. W. Paton, '05,	Bradford, Pa.
F. M. Wright, '05,	Albany

Undergraduates

Grosvenor W. Heacock,	Ilion
James L. LeMunyan,	Addison
William T. Purdy,	Auburn
George H. Sicard,	Buffalo

A. M. Drummond, '06
E. K. Edie, '06
O. W. Kuolt, '07
P. B. Williams, '08
H. G. Aron, '09

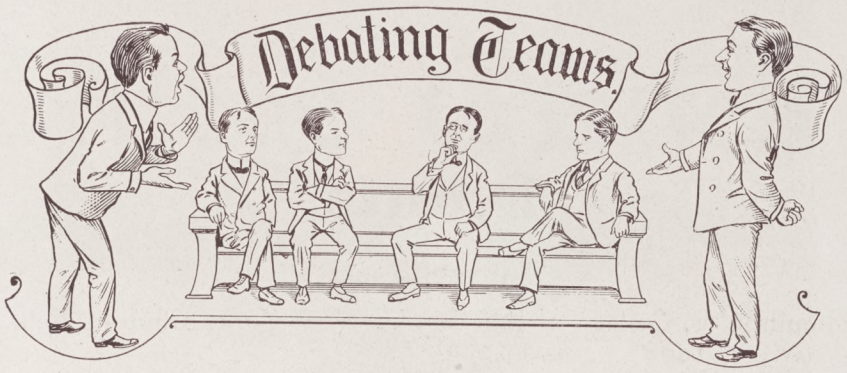


Motto

" While we live let us eat and drink."

Members

Edward H. Bennett, '06
W. R. P. Bloyer, '06
Grosvenor W. Heacock, '06
Conklin Mann, '06
Lloyd P. Stryker, '06



Intercollegiate Team

A. M. Drummond, '06, R. N. McLean, '06
W. T. Purdy, '06

Alternate

J. A. Melrose, '06

Class Teams

1906

A. M. Drummond — R. N. McLean
J. A. Melrose — W. T. Purdy

1907

S. E. Gilbert — W. F. Grossmeyer
W. E. Libbey — R. M. Scoon

Debates

Intercollegiate

Hamilton vs. College of the City of New York, Clinton, Feb. 21, 1905

QUESTION:—"*Resolved, That life insurance should be under the Control of the Federal Government.*"

Affirmative — College of the City of New York
Negative — Hamilton
Debate awarded to the affirmative

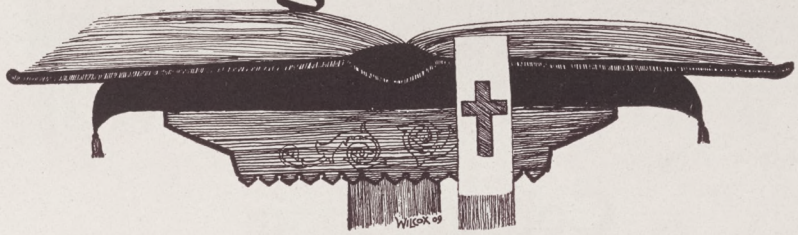
Interclass

Seniors vs. Juniors, Feb. 6, 1906

QUESTION:—"*Resolved, That football is detrimental to the best interests of a college.*"

Affirmative — Juniors
Negative — Seniors
Debate awarded to the affirmative

College Church



Pastor

President M. Woolsey Stryker

Other Preachers

Dr. Oren Root
Prof. Ibbotson
Prof. Davenport
Dr. Hoyt.

Elders

R. M. McLean, '06 J. A. Melrose, '06 R. M. Scoon, '07
J. D. Meeker, '07 E. J. Weekes, '08

College Choir

Members

First Tenor

L. P. Stryker, '06
J. S. Fitch, '08
W. B. Simmons, '08
F. E. Felt, '09

Second Tenor

F. D. French, '06
F. H. Smyth, '09

First Bass

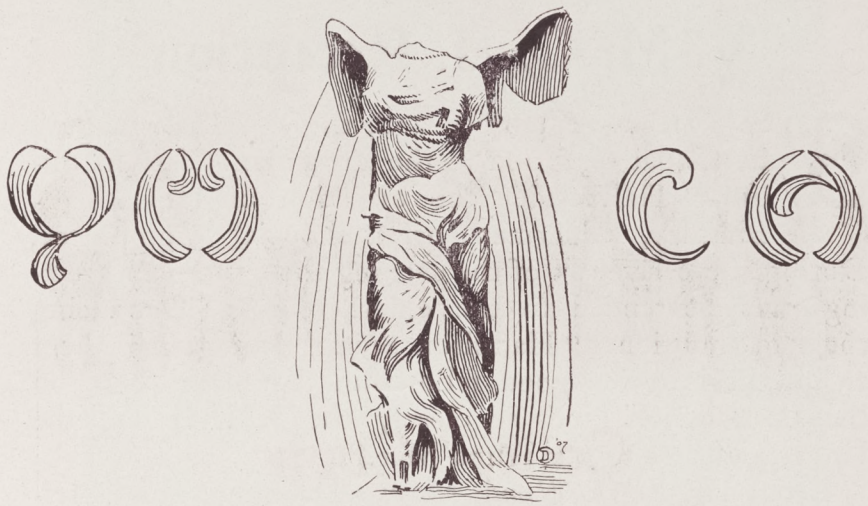
G. H. Sicard, '06
G. R. Warburton, '06

Second Bass

E. W. W. Hoyt, '07
H. O. White, '08
J. M. Spencer, '09

Organist

W. T. Purdy, '06



Officers

James A. Melrose,	President
George N. Warburton,	Vice-President
Robert M. Scoon,	Treasurer
Ernest J. Weekes,	Secretary

Delegates

Student Volunteer Conference, Auburn, N. Y.

R. M. McLean, '06 A. B. Maynard, '06

State Y. M. C. A. Convention, Troy, N. Y.

R. M. Scoon, '07

International Conference, Nashville, Tenn.

C. H. Allen, '07

Y. M. C. A. Reception

SATURDAY, September 23d, the Y. M. C. A. gave its annual reception to the Freshman Class in Silliman Hall under the direction of Howard C. Bramley, Chairman of the Social Committee. During the early part of the evening the customary greetings were extended to the entering class, introducing them to traditional "Hamilton Spirit" and giving them an insight into the good fellowship that exists here on the Hill, which binds so closely the Alumni and the Undergraduates to our Alma Mater.

Later, Dr. F. H. Wood, Messrs. Drummond and Melrose, '06, gave interesting and instructive informal talks. The gathering was marked by unusually good feeling. College songs were sung with a vim that bespeaks the joy of Hamilton men in returning to the Hill after a summer's absence. The cordiality of those in whom the love for Old Hamilton is so deep-rooted will be remembered with pleasure by the Freshmen as their years of college life progress.

A light collation was served before the guests departed that served as a fitting climax for a most enjoyable evening. This function is coming to be not only a strategic time for the Y. M. C. A. to introduce itself to the new men, but also a good opportunity for the college men, old and new, to meet each other at the opening of the college year.

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

The Hamiltonian

Published annually by members of the Junior Class

Board of Editors

R. B. Peck,	Editor-in-Chief
R. W. Swetman,	Business Manager
S. E. Gilbert,	Literary Editor
H. M. Schwartz,	Literary Editor
E. C. Day,	Art Editor
W. E. Mansfield,	Art Editor
E. H. Bright,	Advertising Manager
E. W. W. Hoyt,	Advertising Manager
Wilson Rood,	Advertising Manager

Hamilton Literary Magazine

The Official Publication of the Students
Published Monthly during the College Year

Board of Editors

S. T. Kinney, '06	Editor-in-Chief
R. M. McLean, '06	Associate Editor
A. M. Drummond, '06	Associate Editor
R. B. Peck, '07	Associate Editor
C. M. Trippe, '07	Associate Editor
W. T. Purdy, '06	Business Manager

Hamilton Life

Published Weekly by the College Body

Board of Editors

A. M. Drummond, '06,	Editor-in-Chief
Conklin Mann, '06,	News Department
W. M. Brokaw, '06,	News Department
S. E. Gilbert, '07,	News Department
Alex. Thompson, '06,	Athletic Department
A. B. Maynard, '06,	Athletic Department
G. C. Clark, '07,	Athletic Department
R. B. Jerome, '07,	Business Manager
E. M. Clark, '07,	Local Editor
P. B. Williams, '08,	Reporter
W. B. Simmons, '08,	Reporter
J. H. Morgan, '08,	Reporter
S. S. Judson, Jr., '08,	Reporter

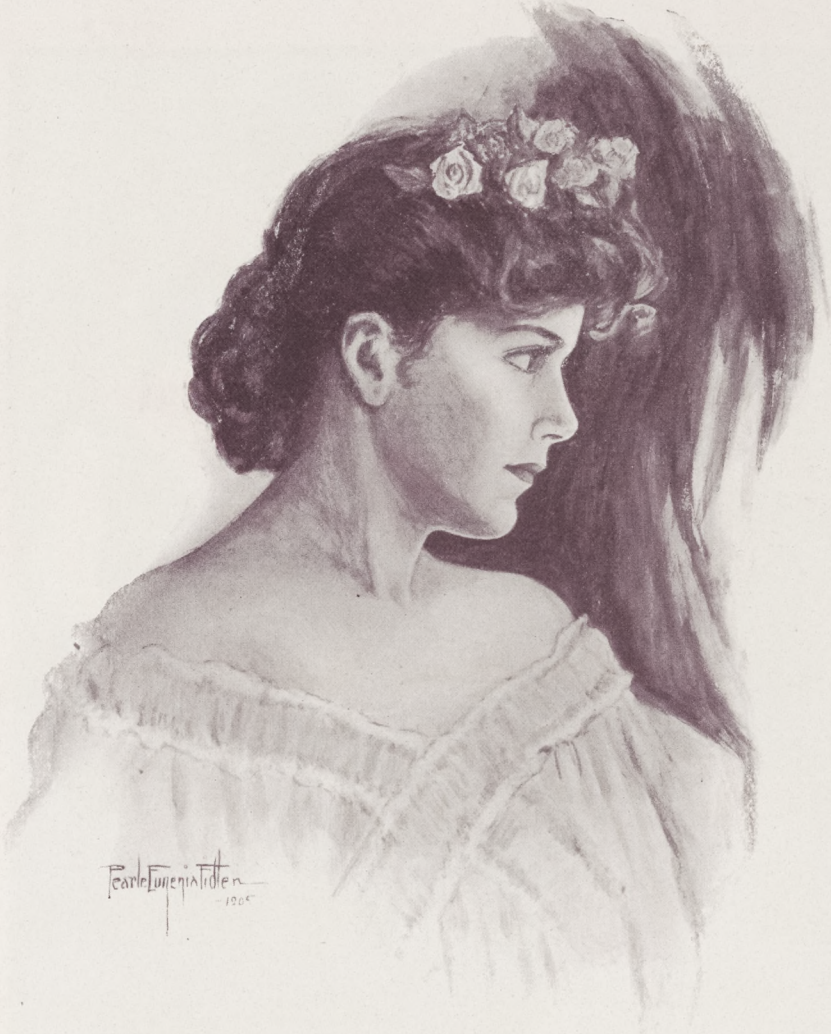
The Hamilton Record

Published Quarterly for the Alumni
By President M. Woolsey Stryker

The Blue Book

Published Annually by the College Y. M. C. A.

Presented to the Undergraduates at
the Beginning of each College Year



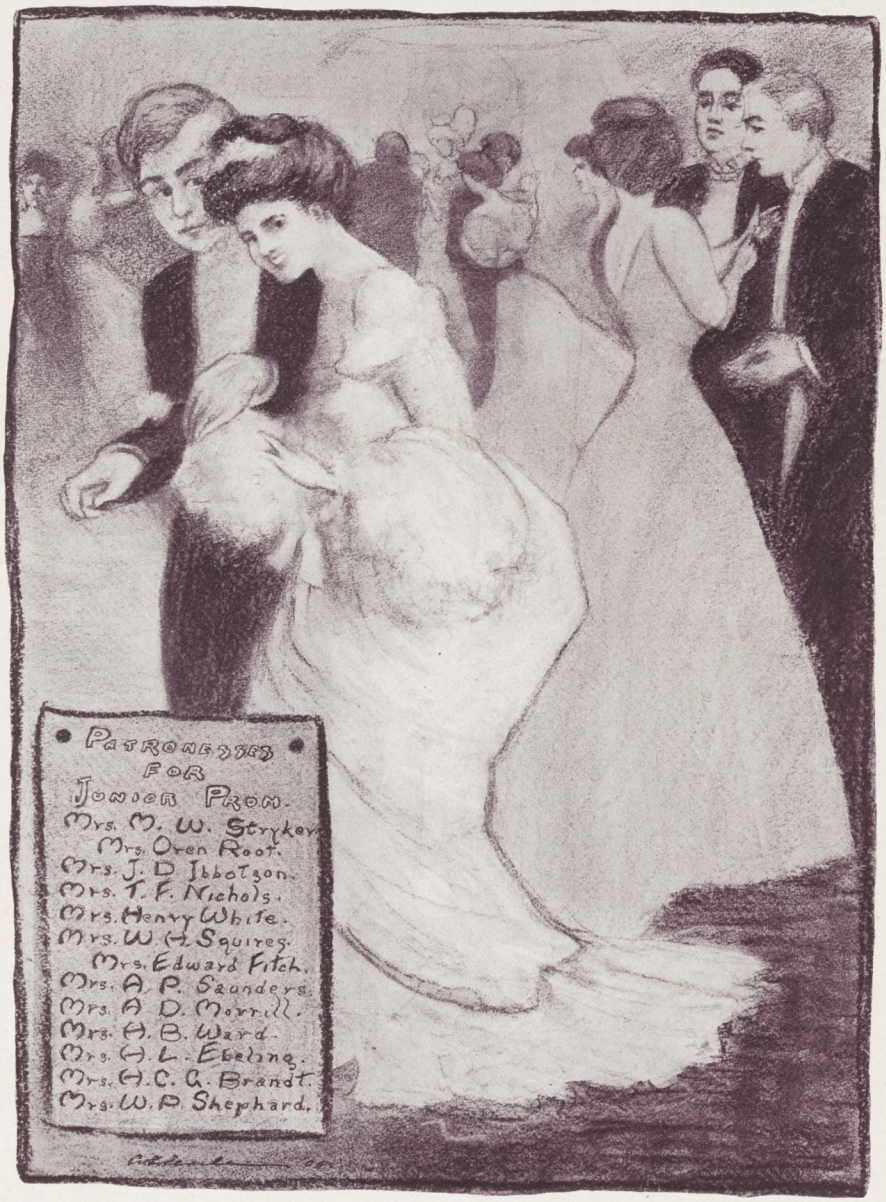
Social Events

PATRONESSES
FOR
SENIOR BALL.
Mrs. M. W. Stryker
Mrs. Oren Root.
Mrs J. D. Ibbotson.
Mrs. T. F. Nichols.
Mrs. Henry White.
Mrs W. H. Squires
Mrs Edward Fitch
Mrs. A. P. Saunders.
Mrs. A. D. Morrill.
Mrs. H. B. Ward.
Mrs. H. L. Ebeling.
Mrs. H. C. G. Brandt
Mrs. W. P. Shephard.
'05.

Senior Ball

Committee

C. W. Loftis, Chairman
F. C. Beach
H. H. Crumb
G. C. Kingsley
H. J. Munger
F. W. Paton
W. D. Rogers
F. M. Wright


Patronesses
For
Junior Prom.
Mrs. M. W. Stryker
Mrs. Oren Root.
Mrs. J. D. Ibbotson.
Mrs. T. F. Nichols.
Mrs. Henry White.
Mrs. W. H. Squires.
Mrs. Edward Fitch.
Mrs. A. P. Saunders.
Mrs. A. D. Merrill.
Mrs. A. B. Ward.
Mrs. H. L. Ebeling.
Mrs. H. C. G. Brandt.
Mrs. W. P. Shephard.

Junior Prom. Committee

E. M. Clark, Chairman
A. C. Bagg
R. F. Dunham
S. E. Gilbert
J. D. Meeker
H. M. Schwartz
F. C. Brown
G. H. Dudley

SOPHOMORE HOP
NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

PATRONESSES

Mrs. M.W. STRYKER Mrs. OREN ROOT
Mrs. W.P. SHEPARD Mrs. H.C.G. BRANDT
Mrs. J.D. IBBOTSON Mrs. W.H. SQUIRES
Mrs. H.B. WARD Mrs. T.F. NICHOLS
Mrs. F.M. DAVENPORT Mrs. A.P. SAUNDERS
Mrs. W.L. GOODIER Mrs. W.G. MILLER

COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN
P.B. WILLIAMS

O.M. BATE J.C. CODY
C.B. McCARTHY L.D. McLEAN
W. McMARTIN J.H. MORGAN
H.W. SMITH E.J. WEEKS
H.O. WHITE

ROSE KINNEY.

FRESHMAN FROLIC
JUNE SEVENTH

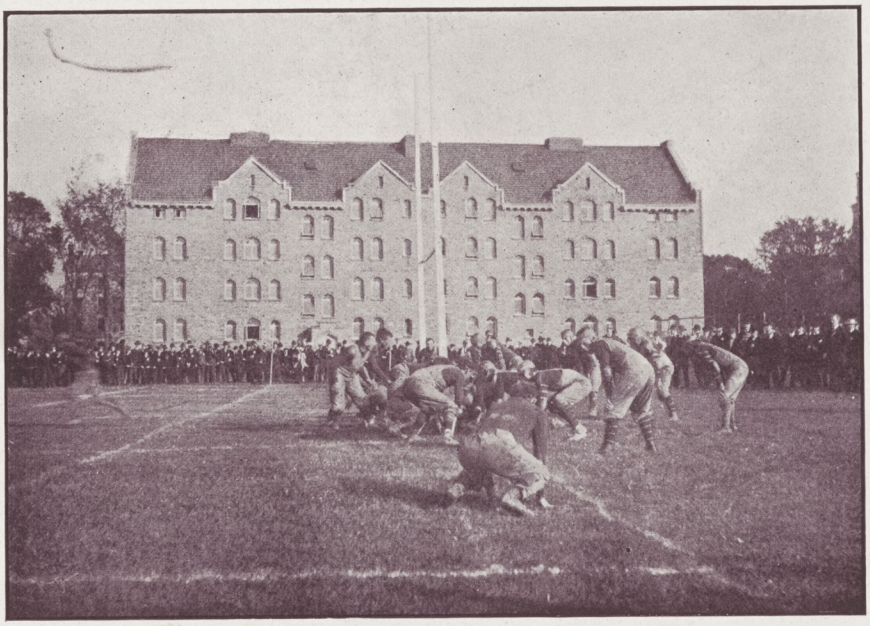
PATRONESSES

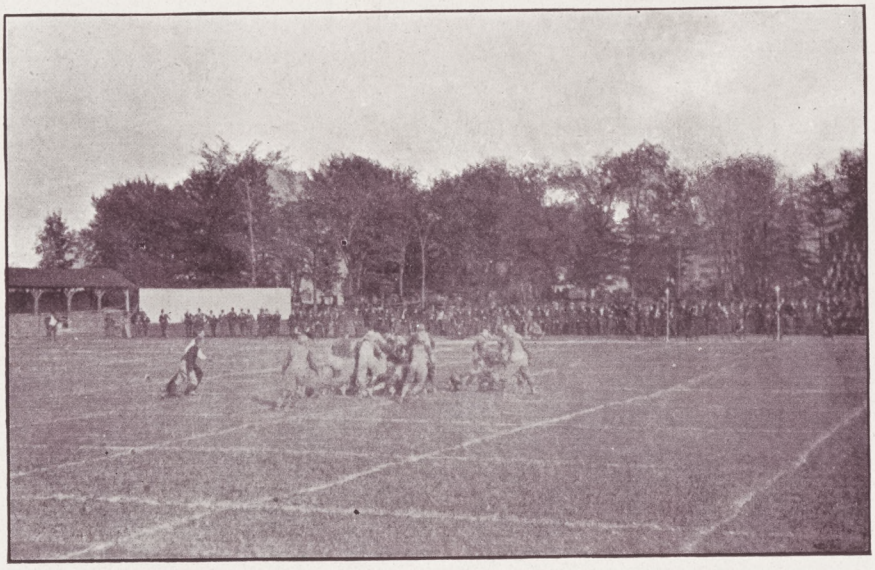
MRS. H. C. G. BRANDT
MRS. OREN ROOT
MRS. F. M. DAVENPORT
MRS. EDWARD FITCH
MRS. H. P. OSBORNE
MRS. W. L. GOODIER

COMMITTEE

M. B. HOLMES Chairman
R. SHERMAN J. S. FITCH
L. WATSON F. W. BRANCH
E. W. ANIBAL F. H. KITSON
C. E. BABCOCK
F. H. HAGGERSON

ROSE KINNEY.





LITERARY
DEPARTMENT
Pearle Eugenia Fidler
1906

Her Portrait

A tablet bring me, clearer than a star,
  Fetch me the colors of the dying sun,
Grant me what all the gifts of genius are,
  That I may paint thy likeness — leave undone
No slightest curve or line of thy fair face,
  Etherially beautiful and pure.
And when a masterpiece, it holds each grace,
  A wonder to all time it shall endure;
And they whose souls love beauty, yet unborn,
  Shall see thine image, and enraptured gaze,
And sighing say: "How was this old Earth shorn
  Of its most radiant charm, when her bright days
Were ended, and her spirit pinions bent
  To find her place in God's great firmament."

— *L. P. Stryker, '06.*

Miatt's Escape

THE fall and winter of 1880 Miatt spent in the state prison at Trenton, N. J., where he had been sent after a remarkably short trial for the murder of his brother-in-law. The jury had returned its verdict in less than an hour and the judge had passed sentence the same day. Miatt was to hang the first week in January. He was not a nervous man but was remarkably calm for one condemned to die. As a prisoner he was especially quiet, always gentlemanly, kind to everyone who approached him, never ill-tempered.

Christmas morning, 1880, Miatt was brought to the hospital at Trenton in a critical condition. The previous morning he had leaped from the fourth tier of steel cells and struck his head on the flagging with which the corridor of the prison was paved. The skull was not fractured, but the shock had affected the mind. For weeks the doctors had striven to restore the injured man, but their efforts were futile.

* * * *

The afternoon was pleasant. Winn and Seroc, the attendants on Number 9, the criminal ward, had the patients in the yard nearly all the afternoon. Miatt alone was never permitted to leave the ward. Winn saw a little Italian girl pass something that reflected the sun to Miatt, whose window opened upon the yard, but could not discover it even after a most scrutinizing search of the cell and its contents. Miatt passed it off by saying: "It was only a bit of glass. I threw it out the window." He was no longer raving. He long since had become the most cunning of insane criminals. Wires he made into chisels. Covers or bits of tin cans he straightened

and converted into tiny saws and sharp knives, with which he worked at the spot on the inside of his door opposite the lock in order that he might loosen the lock and perhaps remove it. As many times as he had attempted, so many times he had been detected or betrayed by some patient.

At eight o'clock, sharp, the attendants locked the inside wooden-grate door and the little wicket in the wall was latched from the outside. Miatt's outside door of heavy pine was swung shut and locked for the night when Applegate, the watch, made his rounds at nine. At ten, when the watch came through the ward, Miatt asked for a drink of water. Almost at one gulp he swallowed the contents of the cup. The slight groan which Applegate heard did not arouse his sympathy. He was hardened by his years as watchman to the distressing shrieks of the inmates in their terrible agony.

At 11 Miatt was groaning as though in intense agony. The watch reported at the office that Miatt, No. 8, criminal ward, was ill and needed attention. As Applegate unlocked the door on Ward 9 at midnight, the noise of Miatt's thrashing about attracted him toward Room 8. Moaning, restless, he tossed on his bed. Applegate unlocked the outside door and held his lantern above his head so that it lighted the cell within. Miatt sprang to his feet. His hands were covered with blood that came from scratches and cuts he had received in bending the piece of tin can for which Winn had searched in vain, and in forming it into a little tool which he had sharpened on the stone wall of the cell. Applegate stepped back from the inner grating and lowered his lantern as Miatt leaped against the wooden grating. The lock gave way under the slightest pressure and fell to the floor. The smaller door grating swung out against Applegate, who, more astonished than frightened, dropped his lantern in order to defend himself.

Like a cat Miatt sprang at the watchman's throat. His long fingers gripped at the cords, which rolled under the pressure of the madman. Taken so, Applegate must accept a poor hold. Neither man was a weakling. The lantern in falling had gone out and only a small gas jet at either end of the long ward illuminated the scene. First one, then the other, seemed to have the better. They gripped now each on the other's throat. Now they fell to the floor, then up again, each unable to break the other's hold. In the dim light the eyes of the madman seemed to throw out sparks of fire. A fiendish smile lurked about his mouth. The eyes of the watch were bulged and the whites looked ghastly, fairly popping from their sockets; his tongue protruded like that of an exhausted hound. His face was fairly blue black, his muscles twitched, his throat made a queer noise, and with one last effort he fell exhausted on the polished floor.

* * * *

They found them next morning, Applegate lying, his face up, blackened, disfigured, his neck swollen and marked by the prints of Miatt's fingers, close to the entrance to the cross hall; Miatt, a few feet away with the watchman's keys, his face to the floor where he had fallen.

The Legend of Heartbreak Hill

While the redmen still lived on our shores
A sailor boy strayed to the coast,
And liking the life of the people
He stayed and made home in the village.
But when he could cross o'er the sea
And return to his old dearer home
He went, and took with him the heart
Of an Indian maiden: but left her.
He promised her he would come back
Ere many moons should have waned.

And every day did the maid
Take her place on a sea-looking hill;
And she watched till the months turned to years,
And still he did not return.

And one day a storm swept the coast,
And a vessel she saw in the offing;
The Storm-king was mighty and wicked;
The good ship was dashed on the rock shores,
The timbers were tossed in the surf;
From amidst them a sad face appeared
And the maid knew the face of her lover.
But the face appeared not again.
And after that sadsome day
The maiden grew paler and thinner,
She wasted and wasted away.
Her body was laid 'neath her watch-tower;
They call it now Heartbreak Hill.

— *Paull F. Baum, '09.*

ON TOP WEEKLY.

A LOVELY LIBRARY FOR SLUSH-LOVING LOBSTERS.

Entered as tenth-class matter.

No. 5021. CLINTON, MARCH 1, 1906. Price, Five Cents.

John Henderson, the Boy Athlete,

OR

Handsome Herkimer's Friends.

BY DIRT L. SLAMDISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Three sour, sullen, downcast, dejected lads sat on the roof of the well-house. They were Cannibal Anibal, Wild Bill Cody and Kek Holley.

Cannibal had two very beautiful black eyes and one arm in a sling. Wild Bill had two teeth missing and a badly cut lip. Kek's right ear was badly torn and his nose broken. There was silence.

"Revenge," hissed Wild Bill from between his discolored teeth.

"Kill him," snarled Cannibal, glowering darkly.

"Thirty-eight snakes and a rattle," growled Kek. "That air coyote cayn't put no lariat on this here steer. Lemme at him."

Why do these boys rail at someone, you ask, dear reader. Because they have been defeated, humiliated, cast down and conquered.

Little did John Henderson know the evil his enemies were so darkly plotting.

A jaunty class cap perched lightly on the back of his fair head, he strolled down the Campus, stopping occasionally to throw a peanut to a chattering squirrel.

Our hero, the famous boy athlete, cared little for the mean machinations of those who hated him.

Together with Freddy Hagger-

son, the Menominee marvel, he is the idol of the College.

Popularity breeds enemies, they say, and our blonde hero had his share.

But to return to the boys on the roof.

"I've bet all I have on Clinton in the great game Saturday," snapped Cannibal, "and if Henderson is out of the way we can't lose."

"Put him out, by fair means or foul," hissed Kek.

"I, being a great football hero, can do the job," said Wild Bill, his face beaming once more with pride.

"Yah," snarled Cannibal. "You cannot. When you threw Henderson from the belfry in the Chapel, did it hurt him? Not a bit. His great muscles saved him and he bounded back like a rubber ball."

"But," whispered Kek. The rest was lost as the conspirators put their heads close together.

Surely things looked dark for John Henderson.

CHAPTER II.

"OUR JOHN."

Several men lounged around in a room in Carnegie.

All were looking at Henderson, who sat gracefully on a table he had made himself.

"We'll win tomorrow," said Fat Lyon, from his position on the lounge.

"We can't help it with our John in the game," said Reggie Pratt, looking up from the spring fashion book he was reading.

"I can lick anybody in College," said Freddy Haggerson, flexing his biceps, "but I will admit that with Henderson in the game, the fast five from Clinton won't be in it.

"John, you're the finest thing that ever came to College," said Tad Weekes, putting his expense book in his pocket with a sigh of regret. "Didn't you win the great Thanksgiving Day game with St. Lawrence by using Simmons' greased football."

"Yes, and the Potsdam Normal game last spring with your double-shooting jump-ball," chorused the rest.

"Nothing, mere nothing," said our hero, with fine modesty, "nothing compared to what I'm capable of."

A vision of a certain Johnstown girl came before our hero's eyes and he sighed meditatively.

CHAPTER III.

THE ATTACK.

The night was dark. Great black clouds rolled across the inky sky.

Thunder sounded and lightning flashed. The whole world seemed to be under the spell of some horrible foreboding of evil.

A figure turned out from the Campus. Buttoning his coat, he

bent his head to the elements.

As he passes under one of the hundred electric lights that line College Street, we see that it is our hero, John Henderson, the blonde terror of basket-ball circles.

Suddenly, without warning, a dozen black figures leap from the bushes and attack the handsome youth.

See! Two go down from his mighty right; two more from a swing from his trusty left.

An elbow jab and still another bites the dust.

With a scream a man goes flying across the road, for John learned jiu jitsu in Japan.

A kick he learned in France sends another reeling.

But in spite of these wonderful efforts our hero is borne down by sheer force of numbers.

Something lands on his head. He is borne to the earth. Darkness comes.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN A PRISONER.

When John awoke he found himself bound hand and foot by a couple of dozen hempen hawsers.

A candle flickers in the gloom.

His attention is attracted to a box some feet away.

A buzzing like clockwork comes from the terrible looking case.

"An infernal machine!"

The horrible thought flashes through his mind like lightning.

His face blanches. His eyes protrude from their sockets.

Does his courage fail?

No!

John Henderson never says die.

Now he sees it all. He is to be murdered so that he cannot play against Clinton.

Dastardly design!

His college honor is at stake and he tries to extricate himself. He must get out in time to play in the game.

Compared with that his life is of little importance.

Seeing many huge rats about, a plan comes to him in his great need.

Now John has an old Indian, whom he enslaved by giving him Peruna. The Indian's name is "Old Joe Crayfish."

"Old Joe" taught our hero in his boyhood to talk the language of all animals and birds.

This knowledge now stands him in good stead.

Speaking rat-language he begs the hundreds of rats about him to gnaw away his bonds.

Recognizing their master, the rats do his will and he is free.

Snatching up the infernal machine, he opens the cover and extinguishes the fuse.

Just in time. The next minute the machine would have done its work.

He is free!

Can he still be in time for the great basket-ball game?

CHAPTER V.

WHERE IS JOHN?

The gymnasium was crowded.

Clinton, with three hundred rooters, was crowded on one side in a solid bank of light pink and golden brown, their colors.

The class team in red and black were huddled in a corner, blank despair on every face.

Where was John Henderson, the athlete and idol of Prom. girls?

Tad Weekes, his kinky hair curled close to his huge head, delayed the starting of the game in the vain hope that our hero would arrive.

"There's foul play here," growled Fat Williams, the vaudeville expurgation. "Where is our John?"

"We can't win without John," agreed Tad, nervously biting his nails.

In another corner were the boys with which the story opened.

Secret glee was shown on the face of each.

"No more all night sessions for me," said Cannibal, "I'll win a thousand on this."

The game finally began.

Following is the lineup:

Clinton.	Class Team.
Right Forward.	
Stratton.	Weekes.
Left Forward.	
Hogan.	Smith.
Center.	
T. Donovan.	Jones.
Left Guard.	
J. Muller.	Joralemon.
Right Guard.	
Gibbon.	Bate.

The game started with a rush, Clinton throwing eleven baskets in the first three minutes.

The team was helpless without the marvel of the age, John Henderson.

Cannibal Anibal chuckled with glee.

At the end of the first half the score was Clinton 31, Class Team 3.

The college was in despair.

The dozens of beautiful girls from Vernon, who had come to cheer the college, were in tears.

Where was John?

The second half started and Clinton immediately threw another goal.

Suddenly a wild cheer was heard from below.

What was it?

A perfectly formed youth sprang onto the floor and struck an unconscious and modest pose.

With impatient hand he brushed his blonde locks from his forehead.

"I am here," he said, modestly, "and I will surely save the game. I am John Henderson!"

The spectators rose to their feet as one man.

Cheers resounded, hats were thrown in the air.

Old graduates hung on each other's necks and wept.

Fair girls looked at our hero, rapt admiration in their star-like eyes.

"I will save the game," repeated our hero, bowing right and left. "I am John Henderson."

The crowd received his modest speech with new enthusiasm.

The game began once more.

John seemed everywhere, blocking, passing and shooting baskets.

One, two, three baskets he made from all parts of the floor at different angles.

The scorer broke his pencil scoring "our John's" tallies.

Intense excitement reigned.

Soon the score was tied with only nine seconds to play.

John at the time was standing under his opponent's basket.

As a flash he realized what he must do.

Nine seconds — eight now, and he had promised to win the game.

There was no time to turn.

Seizing the ball, he threw it suddenly over his head.

The ball sailed through the air the entire length of the hall and—

Dropped neatly into the basket!

The game was won!

Excited, admiring students raised John Henderson on their shoulders.

"Speech! Speech!" they cried.

John bowed modestly.

"Fellow students," he said, "thank you very much. I promised to win the game, and of course I did it. I am John Henderson. Thank you!

[THE END.]

Boys, read next week's On Top Weekly,

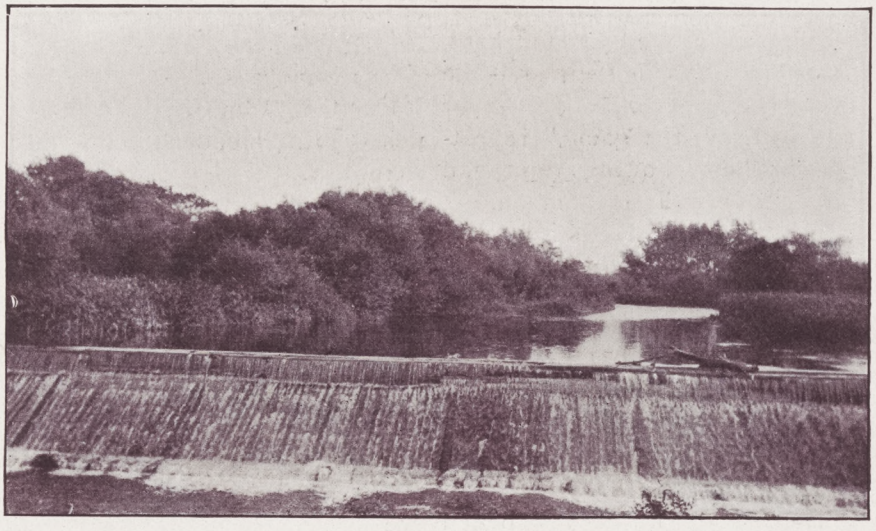
John Henderson's Daring,

OR

Dousing the Doers of Dark Deeds.

The chapters are: John on the Track, John's Admiring Girl Friends, The Hero of College, The Plot, The Plot Started, The Plot Thwarted, John Henderson Vindicated, The Downfall of Cannibal.

Buy It! Read It! It's Great!



The Oriskany

Since the first World-Spring when the young earth winter-bound
Through countless aeons put off her icy robe,
Thou hast, O little river, ever moved
Along thine heaven-directed way; and so
Until with his consuming flame the sun
Shall burn the broad earth in his last great setting,
So wilt thou follow on the path that leads
Through winding ways to eternity's deep sea.

And may we choose such paths and such a goal,
And may we listen to the voice that speaks
In the Spring wind brushing through the empty trees,
In the shimmering moonlight on the leaping waves,
And in the vistas draped in Summer haze
Of vale and stream and hill and golden dawn.
Deathward we move, and may we hear and heed.

— *P. F. B., '09.*

The Sorority

THE morning after "paint night" last fall the sidewalk below the bridge announced to us in brilliant green that one of the "fair sex" had come to Hamilton. Old friends and observers of the College threw up their hands in astonishment and shook their heads, bewildered, as they read "Sister Rudd, 1909." Co-education in the hallowed halls on College Hill? No, impossible! And they went their way, pondering.

Yet it was to be so. The trolley from Utica brought a winsome, olive-complected damsel, who lightly tripped across the Campus and matriculated as "Sister Smyth." And close on her heels came "Sister Truax," who, as they claim, never touched ground until September 21st. Alas for our much-vaunted celibacy. The "eternal feminine" had arrived.

The newcomers immediately adopted a distinctive style of millinery, (imported, they claim,) consisting of a

jaunty plaid cap lined with chiffon and tipped with real lace. Self-protective, as the sex usually is, these three formed the first Hamilton Sorority and drew up a constitution. It was decided to hold meetings every two weeks, attendance compulsory, at which each was to bring her sewing and imbibe of "pink tea" at the expense of the hostess. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, *The Delineator*, and other publications of like nature were ordered for their clubroom at 12 Carnegie.

"Sister Rudd," at their second meeting, put in a strong plea for her roommate, Marceline Holmes, who was seeking admission, and, after some discussion, she was admitted, took the oath of allegiance, and promised to stop trying to start a beard by daily shaving. At a later meeting Miss Woollcott was also solemnly initiated.

For beauty, wit and the other feminine virtues we men love so well, our sisters are all that can be desired, and we give them a hearty welcome into our midst.

Trail Hunting in Mindanao

A SMALL detachment of scouts, four squads with a sergeant commanding, were bivouaced in and about a tumble-down shack overlooking the Jasaan River about ten miles from the China Sea. All day they had been following old trails or hunting for a blind trail that might lead to a pass over the Balingasag Range.

Outside the shack two sentries paced up and down on either side of the little group. The picket line had been staked and the horses fed under the shelter of a row of bamboo. Tired from the fruitless search the men rolled themselves in their blankets to rest.

"You see, Sarge.," said Corp. McGirr, "Col. Berky never had more love for these goo-goo's than law allows, that's the reason he wanted us to be back by Saturday. He sort o' wants to clean out this pesky bunch before he gets ordered to the States."

"That trail we ran on this afternoon that led up the rise there around the clump of big red wood, then disappeared sudden like, must branch to the left and lead down into the gorge. We'll find that, Mack, the first thing tomorrow. Mind what I say."

Corporal Schubert came to the sergeant and reported the guard posted and all safe for the night.

"Schubert."

"Yes, Sarg."

"How far is it to the big wood on the hill?"

"Can't say for sure, Sarg., the glass said five miles. You can't always trust 'em, though."

"Tomorrow 'fore sun-up I want you to take the two

sentries on picket line and two from the north outpost and see if there's a blind path branches to the left into the gorge."

"Good night. Be moving early."

"Good night, Sarg."

"Douse that glim outside there! Sarg. isn't a caring for too many of these bolo-billed fleas prowling around here tonight. Hello, sentry! Stir me up a bit 'bout four in the morning!"

Before five-thirty next morning Corporal Schubert, with his little detail, returned. They found a blind path which led down to the river bed, but it was dangerously rocky. One hour was spent getting the horses down to the river bed, then the little column pushed rapidly up the stream, which by a great detour veered to the left, then back to the right directly behind the great clump of redwood on the bluff above the gorge. In front, and seeming to block further progress, were the Falls of the Jasaan. To the right, around a great boulder, the trail led to the level above the falls. Some time in the past Nature had builded herself a mighty dam here. A great slab of rock had fallen from the bluff on the right, completely filling the gorge bottom.

Here the gorge widened for a few hundred yards, then suddenly narrowing, again turned abruptly to the left and eastward. At this point a sentry was placed, while the men made a cup of coffee and fed their horses. Two natives clad in the blue and white striped uniform of the insurgents were as frightened as the sentry who halted them and brought them in was surprised.

"Guess, Sarg., there'll be somethin' on before long. These fellers here had shoulder straps on some time or another, an' that bit of horse flesh there never belonged to a goo-goo private. What do you think, Sarg.; better keep em?"

Securely tied hand and foot the two insurgent officers

were placed on their horses and the column moved up the trail. Gradually narrowing, the walls of the gorge pressing close the river's edge, the monotony of the gray rocks was relieved only by an occasional hut perched high on the cliff above. At dusk the trail led the little party slowly up a great fissure in the rocks to the brink of the cliff, then turned abruptly to the north. A high point crowned by a grove of redwood was chosen for a bivouac.

Behind, the great sloping mass of redwood tops fell away into the level of the plateau. Far away to the south in the Harbor of Jasaan the search light of a cruiser was signaling. The long path of the rays looked like great white ribbons. Sergeant Carroll read the message, which was repeated slowly for an hour.

"Morros active on Upper Jasaan." Again and again the same words were spelled out by the great white beam of light. Then as if trying to locate the detachment of scouts the great light would sweep the range on which it was bivouaced. Could it be possible that the prisoners were officers from a band of Morros, who were creating such havoc on the upper Jasaan? They had told the sergeant that they were prospectors from far inland, but that story would not go, for they had no miner's utensils nor gold dust, but an abundance of Spanish money.

The air, as it grew darker, seemed full of restless spirits. The wind howled through the grove of big wood. Clouds rushed past overhead in a mad race. Now and again the stars shone down dazzling in their tropical brilliance. The tree lizzards croaked the weird, almost human, "tuck-oo." The trees, too, looked fantastic, and as the great searchlight swung around to our quarter, the forms of the sentries on post were outlined, one east and west and north and south, among the great trunks on the border of the grove.

To the north the ridge fell away in rapid steppes to the

valley and lower interior. Even below the level of the plateau, far down, miles away, an occasional flicker as of an open fire was seen. From that point we could see on all sides, before, behind, to the big wood forest below, to the flanks open and jagged against the sky. It was not a black, dark night, yet there was something afoot that made the ponies fret and tug at the picket line. The sentries were alert, suspicious of every noise. The prisoners tossed in their restraint. Separating them increased their nervousness. Tied securely, hand and foot, spread-eagle fashion, to large stakes driven in the ground, there was no hope of escape for them. The signaling of the cruiser and the nervousness of the prisoners had been noticed, but none of the men connected the two incidents in their minds.

Sleep would not come to Carroll. He rolled and tossed, but his eyes only stared the wider into the thick canopy above his head. Twice he moved to get up, but forced himself back. Finally he went to the prisoners, felt of the fastenings, gave them each some water, and made the rounds of the posts, returning, attracted by the neighing of his pony, to the picket line.

To the right, along the ridge, dark figures were stealing closer and closer. The sentry of that post was on one knee waiting for a figure to outline itself against the sky His first shot had aroused the whole detachment. The enemy had attempted to surround the position and were detached. Carroll went to the outposts, left and front, told them to hold their positions until ordered to retreat, then to seek cover of the big tree trunks. Only when the dark figure, bolo or spear lifted high, came out in relief, was a cartridge used.

To the right along the ridge the gray light told of approaching day. "Give us a little more light and these sneaking curs 'll not fare so well," and Sergeant Carroll went to the front where now they came at the post like

maddened insects. They failed to flank the position, and the main attack fell upon the front. Up the slope they came yelling, spears swishing in the air! Like mad beasts they ran! Sharp and distinct the Krags barked their defiance!

Not one of the thirty-odd men who lay there on their elbows and worked those carbines knew what fear meant. Recruited from the southwest, most of them had seen service in Cuba among the Rough Riders or the First Territorials. Their places among the scouts were won by their superior marksmanship and courage. Carefully they picked a figure. With each crack of a rifle there was one less of the black figures in the game. Carroll was everywhere, now in front, then on the flanks, encouraging all, then on his knee working his carbine like a machine gun. Such a weeding fire kept them back for a time, only to return to their slaughter.

As it grew lighter the black forms slowly withdrew under cover of some rocks down the slope and in front. Then, as if by magic, the black devils rose over the slope from behind the rocks, out of the tall grass, coming on again. Waving their spears in the air, two hundred of them renewed the attack.

"Shoot low! Ready, aim, fire!" The report was like that of one gun. There followed volley on volley, each as well executed as its predecessor. The dogs withered before the awful hail, but they came on. Stopping only for death, they hurled their poisoned spears. Bolo raised high, one savage fell almost within our meager line.

"Retreat by sections to the trees!" Slowly the little line fell back, but it was a retreat to be followed by success. From behind those big trunks, whose roots came, like great flanges, from points ten feet or more above the ground and gave ample protection, the scouts poured out a fair measure of steel-jacketed pills.

Those men, who respect no flag of truce, asked for no

quarter. They never deserved it. Yet they knew when they were beaten or contesting with insurmountable odds. Slowly they disappeared behind the rocks and in the tall grass, down the slope whose ascent had so depleted their number.

Far down in the valley a town was seen. Walled, white, solitary, it lay bathed in the splendor of the rising sun. Its distance from the mountains made it seem so still, so peaceful, as if the carnage of the early morning could never have sprung from its white walls. The two prisoners were brought to the crest of the hill when all was quiet again, and pointing in the direction of the stronghold, Sergeant Carroll asked its name:

"Bubantoogan," the elder man replied.

The trail over the range had been located. There in the distance lay the objective point of the reconnoiter. With four men wounded and the two insurgent officers prisoners, any further advance might result fatally to the scouts.

* * * * * *

Long after dark, close to the midnight hour, the southern cross dipping silently in its rare splendor, as if in homage to some new comet, the great band of light from the cruiser in the bay repeated its message of the previous night: "Morros active on the Upper Jasaan."

"Comphrendi!" muttered the elder prisoner.

Before morning the little detachment of scouts entered the headquarters' corral at Jasaan. In the guard cells were placed Gen. Elmo and his aide, Lopez, the instigators of "Morro activities on the Upper Jasaan."

—*H. M. Schwartz, '07.*

Modern Sermon on the Mount

1. And "Prex" went up into the mount, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him (for they had no cuts) and he stamped his foot, opened his mouth, and said unto them through his teeth:

2. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall be more in spirit.

3. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be more'n happy.

4. Blessed are the trusting, for they shall be trustful; and being trustful they shall be trusted; and trusted, they shall be trustees and control the trusts.

5. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall be sure in heart.

6. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be peacetakers.

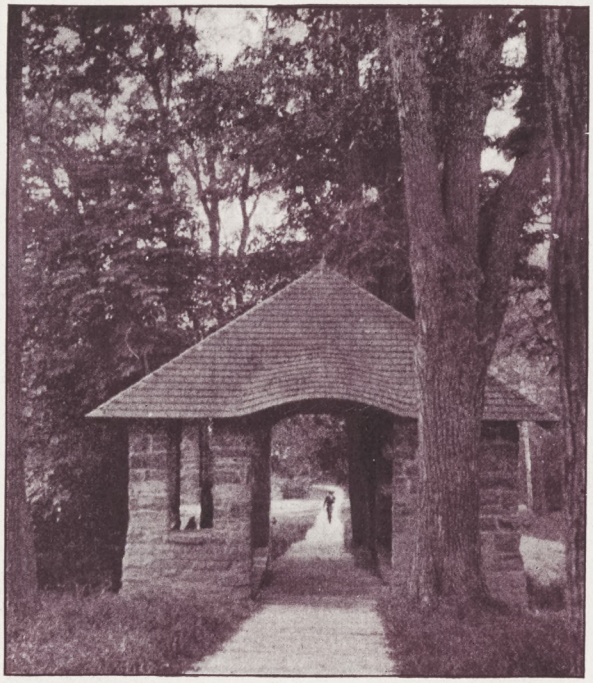
7. Blessed is the man of means, for he shall be no mean man.

8. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall be disgusted with your epigrams.

9. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so were they disgusted with the word-jugglers which were before you.

10. But woe unto you, ye commonplace anti-punsters, stagnant and evaporating pools, full of scum and frogs, synagogue of libertines, guild of St. Jonah!

11. For "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is no ragtime hymn of a sham battle.



The Arbor

In autumn days when azure haze
Makes soft the hues of every tree,
From thy nook there, oh Arbor fair,
Thou lov'st to see the jollity
Of careless students swinging free
Adown the winding hill;
To watch the stream of gay sunbeams
Across their lithesome figures flow;
And hear the strong refrain of song,
Or far below the glad "hello,"
As by ascending groups they go
Along the shady walk.

When winter shakes his fairy flakes
O'er every hilltop, glade and dell,
Oh Arbor dear, what joy and cheer
It gives to tell their numbers well
At morn, when clear the Chapel bell
Sounds on the frosty air.
As twilight falls on thy brown walls,
Thou waitest half in fear and pride
For cries of "Road!" as each gay load
Doth swiftly slide the steep hillside,
Between thy portals neatly glide
And drop away below.

— *E. C. D., '07.*

The Oriskany Valley

AS THOUGH to add to nature's handiwork a new charm, history has coupled with the name of the Oriskany many a story of strife and sacrifice, so that as one looks across the picturesque valley of the creek he beholds at once the scene of Indian council, savage massacre and patriotic devotion. Yet one could not but admire the scenes through which this stream flows, if they were merely painted on lifeless canvas and without the enlivening touch of legend and history.

A view across the valley to the distant hills and mountains is a privilege that is but half appreciated, especially in November, when the trees in their autumn glory form one grand and final pageant before grim winter shall sweep in upon them and leave their rugged limbs bare or weighted down with snow and ice.

Beautiful at all times, the valley and hills are grand beyond description in the early morning and in the quiet of the night. Well paid is one who foregoes his morning nap to watch the sun as it slowly climbs above the eastern hills. Great banks of clouds pile high above the hilltops, and so nearly are they the color of the hills in the dim morning light, that a hasty glance leaves the impression that nature has in a night tossed up a range of mountains. Formidable as looks this gloomy mass of clouds, the piercing rays of the sun creep through the little crevices, and forcing their way gradually yet persistently, at last tinge the very clouds that opposed them. The tinted rays strike out into the blue sky, and one realizes how well Homer sang of "the rosy-fingered dawn." Long before the College is awake to note what it has accomplished, the sun has chased away the clouds and is shining in full glory across the purple hills and

frost-covered fields. Way down in the heart of the valley it hits upon a glinting streak of silver, and there runs the Oriskany. With the "rear of morning scattered thin," one notices for the first time the farmhouses that cluster on the hillsides. His thoughts turn from nature for a while, and he observes what before missed his eye, the housetops, spires and chimneys of Clinton village. Already the smoke is curling from many of these, a train perhaps pulls through the faded green fields, and the sun smiles once more on the little activities of men.

When at the day's end the valley wraps itself in darkness, and the hills loom grimly through the night, then, if the stars be bright and the night clear, there presents itself another view that has a silent grandeur and beauty. Despite all dogma of astronomy, the Hill then seems nearer to the stars than any other place in the world. The constellations, that twinkle and seem almost to throb with life, crowd so closely together that one stands in awe as he realizes that a divine wisdom has set each in its accustomed place. One can almost imagine as he looks toward the heavens and then upon the old Litchfield Observatory with its wealth of tradition in astronomy, that the stars love the old place and cluster loyally about it, although some of its pristine glory is gone. Far off to the northeast the sky is illuminated by an uncanny glare, the many lights of Utica. As the eye follows along the hills it sees now and again a tiny, twinkling light, crowded in upon on every side by darkness, until the red glare of Franklin Furnace looms in sight. Here and there from out the valley a light peers through the trees, but for the most part all is sombre and still, for Clinton and the Hill have gone to sleep "neath the music of the spheres."

—*Harold G. Aron, '09.*

Rubbish

THE propensity of college men the world over to parody everything, from Shakespeare down, is well known. The following spasms occurred to one of the literary lights.

Inspired by an unsuccessful attempt to "pip a dec." on the way to Utica:

Wally, what ails our trolley?
What makes our cars so slow?
Why in the dickens, Wally,
Can't we have blue juice to make them go?
We stand from Clinton to "Ute,"
Then pay or make a show.
Make a kick in goodness' name
(You bet your life we'll do the same)
To the U. & M. V. R. Co.

On the recent insurance investigations:

Everybody works but Chauncey,
He's in the Senate too,
Grafting life insurance,
He's a "Raffles" through and through.
He takes what takes his fancy,
At the business he's not new.
Everybody works but Chauncey,
Our own Depew.

To the "old clothes man" when selling a favorite suit:

Give me just a quarter more,
Every little bit helps,
If I strike dad then he'll be sore,
Every little bit helps,
I've had a hundred once before,
Now I must wait till the term is o'er.
It's a good suit. Just a quarter more.
Bum! Bum!
Every little bit helps.

Dedicated to the genial Steward of Commons:

Wait till my check comes, William
H. Mahady, you and I
Both will be happy, in the
Sweet by and by.
Then I will pay my bills for
Livery and pie.
Then at the Commons, William,
I'll live high,
When my check comes.

With appropriate regards to the Faculty:

All I got was Sympathy,
And it wasn't any use to me.
"Stink" flunked me out in chemistry,
And "Stink" he said to me,
It's hard luck, Bill,
You'll have to interview "Prexie";
Then we'll see what we will see.
I was a dupe
When I thought my "supe"
Would bring more than
Sympathy.

—*P. B. W., '08.*

Miss Mary Ann — she fixes locks,
And sometimes does them fair.
But she is not a locksmith — No,
She is a hair-dressair!

A Freshman's Dreams

The last red embers gasped feebly and died.
The obstreperous iron halls into silence subside,
And the world without in breathless stillness lies,
As if it, too, had a soul and seeing eyes,
And looking upon the constellations bright,
Were hushed to wondering awe at the heavenly sight.
The tired Freshman slams his puzzling book
And mutters deprecations with a look
Of weary agony and pained distress,
For only dark defeat could he confess.
But as he rests his eyes from blearing page
And tries to still the quickening tide of rage,
The haze of sleep blots out the wretched world
And dream's strange panoramas are unfurled.
Out from the darkness monstrous spirits spring
And gather 'round him in a great foreboding ring.
Each face is marked with malice and fierce delight,
As they close in and clutch him and challenge him to fight.
His ears are blasted with the weird, lugubrious wail
Of the "Royal Gaboons" that turns his countenance pale.
And then a thousand ravenous hands reach out,
And they drag him along with a curdling, hellish shout.
They maul him and strike him and bear him down to earth.
They stamp on him roughly with fiendish cries of mirth,
At last in mockery they dance an ogreish round
And with final whoop they vanish 'neath the ground.
But the empty air before the Freshman's eyes
Was still full of horrors that now in turn arise.
Now a grisly, goggled demon glared at him
And bellowed madly till he shook in every limb.
For the creature first growled strange paradigms of Greek,
And terrifying syntax he sputtered with a shriek.
Now wandering a bit he jabbered abstrusely of Math.,
Of mantissas and limits that invoke the Freshman's wrath,
Now questions about Saturnian verse he cries,
While a terrible intent gleams from his bloody eyes.

The sleeper groans desperately, with a scowl upon his brow.
"I'm flunked, flunked, flunked," he said. The demon made a
bow.
The stage of dream-plays was now empty again,
But soon filled with harsh visions in an everlasting train,
Till at length came happier mirages to soothe his mind,
And he smiles to greet his mother's welcome kind.
Thus far in the homeland he spends the deep of night.
But when the snow grows crimson with morning light,
He wakes with a start and with a weary yawn
Casts a hostile glance at the steadily brightening dawn.

How Judas Played Cupid

J. THOMAS MATTESON, professor of English, Comerio, Porto Rico, pushed from him his platter of garlic-drenched rice and beans and hurried into the street. As he made his way through the crowd of school children clamoring for pennies he realized that he had eaten nothing all day, so he turned into a fruit stall and bought some bananas and a couple of oranges.

"Might as well live on fruit altogether, and quit bluffing at that hotel," he growled to himself as he went out. He was a pessimist, was J. Thomas Matteson.

"Hold on, there!" called some one to him in English, as he made his way up the street. The sound of the English tongue stopped him quickly enough, and in a moment the school inspector was at his side.

"As you didn't feel disposed to cross the plaza, I thought I would come over and run you out. Two Americans together in this God-forsaken town ought to drift together," he said, as he measured step with the teacher.

"You would have seen me in about ten minutes," answered Matteson, pleasantly. "Was just going to eat. I only go to the hotel now for the looks of it. But come up to the joint, and we will talk it over."

After he had driven three chickens out of the room and crowded half a dozen dirty-faced children into the hall, he kicked the dog out of his chair and made room for the inspector.

"How do you like your town?" the latter asked, as he dragged his chair out upon the balcony and propped his feet against the railing.

"Don't rub it in," pleaded Matteson. "This year will be about enough for me, I think. Haven't had a decent meal for a month, and this is the first chance I've had to talk English for a term. I notice *you* show up here about as seldom as the law will allow."

The inspector laughed. "Right you are," he said. "This place certainly is about the limit. It's the worst on the island. But you've made it go longer than any of the others. They usually last about a month here."

"So I've heard from my youth up."

"Heard what?"

"That I'm always the biggest fool in the bunch."

"Oh, jolly it up, Matteson," he laughed. "What are you sore about this time? What's become of Carmelita?"

"What am I sore about?" returned the English teacher, answering the first, and ignoring the second question. "Sore about plenty of things. First, my stomach is on strike against garlic, rice and beans. That's enough to give an ordinary man a grouch. But for an especially cheerful disposition, like mine, you may add that some Spiggoti, *sin verguenza*, stole a good suit from me today. Is that enough? Of course I can watch for the suit and spot the wearer, because I am the only man around here who wears American clothes. But I don't know how much longer my stomach will stand this feed. Tonight, as a delicacy, we had banana fritters stuffed with garlic. They were great!"

"Spot your suit, will you?" said the inspector, with a laugh. "Perhaps you have forgotten that tomorrow is Easter. An American Judas will be quite an innovation. Half a mind to stay over and see it myself."

"Judas? What's that?" asked the teacher.

"Didn't you ever hear about riding the Judas out of town?" he asked, as he lighted a cigar. "But I had forgotten that this is your first year. You're about as green as the tourist I sent shinning up a royal palm tree

for pineapples last winter. Well, every year, the day before Easter, these people rig up a big scarecrow stuffed with straw and call it Judas. Then, as soon as it is light in the morning, everybody in town turns out. The first chance they get after sunrise they pinch a horse and tie the Judas on his back. Lord, I've seen 'em often enough. It certainly is a caution the way that mob drives the horse out of town with sticks and stones; and all the time they yell like the devil and his angels. The real Judas is happier in hell fire than he would be on that plug's back. Some religious custom, I guess. I'll bet they'd be mighty glad to make you or me the real scapegoat. But, afraid to do that, they've probably done the next best thing — pinched your suit. They make a regular holiday out of the affair, and tomorrow afternoon they'll have horse races on the plaza. Better get in with your little bay."

Matteson said something under his breath. After that he was very quiet for the rest of the evening.

When the short tropical twilight had passed, and the big gas light in the center of the plaza was scattering the darkness under the flamboyant trees, the young Spanish couples began their promenading up and down the walks. The two men sat in the balcony and watched it all.

"Do you ever get in the game?" the inspector asked. "It would be a good thing — cheer you up a little."

"No!" returned the teacher, very shortly.

"Say, Matteson," remarked the inspector a moment later, "isn't that Carmelita out there with young Morales?"

"Yes!" snapped Matteson, just as sweetly. He hardly believed life worth living.

"I thought you and Morales were great friends," his questioner continued, as he blew the smoke in rings above his head. "Probably Carmelita is no peacemaker."

"Nothing whatever to do with it," said the teacher,

hurriedly. "But Morales is a Spiggoti, and that's enough. When I first came he treated me all right, talked his six words of English with me, got me these elegant apartments, and all that. But you know that little bay stallion of mine? Well, he has one just like it — so nearly like it that few people can tell them apart. When I came he had both of them, and I guess he did not need but one. I was green enough, I'll admit that, and he sold me mine for one hundred dollars. Now you know as well as I do that I can go down to Coamo any time and buy one as good for fifty. And I'll wager my dinner for a week, which is low enough stakes, that he pinched my suit."

It really began to look as though Francisco B. Morales, rural teacher, would lose his certificate for deficiency in English after the next examination.

Half an hour later the inspector rose to go. "Guess I'll turn in," he said, "because I want to get an early start in the morning."

"See you before you go?" Matteson asked, as he gave his hand in parting.

"Think not," replied the inspector. "I am going to hit the trail an hour before daylight. But ride over and see me next Saturday, and get something to eat."

After the inspector had gone the young teacher sat down to think. There were only two things worth thinking about — home, and Carmelita Riquena. The former was so far away and the fleas were so everpresent, that connected thought upon that subject was hardly possible. And then, there was the lithe form of Carmelita herself, passing and repassing in the glare of the light, not fifty yards away; so it was the little black-haired, black-eyed Spanish girl that filled his thoughts for the next half hour. Now and then her gay laugh, clear as a bell, sounded out above the others. Matteson wondered how she had been able to stand it in Comerio all

her life. But then, he remembered that she had a clean place in which to live, and that she was not compelled to eat in a dirty hotel, kept by second-grade Spiggotis. How beautiful she looked! The American thought of a "rose among thorns" and other such highly poetic themes. He was not original enough to think up something new. And besides, he was beginning to care a great deal for the little dark-eyed girl. But things were against him — language, race, customs, religion, — everything. And besides, he was an American.

The plaza had long been deserted that night when the English teacher drew his chair back into his room and went to bed.

Early the next morning, when the panaderos and the lecheros were just beginning to cry their bread and their milk in the street, Matteson came down the stairs in riding habit. The street was just beginning to stir with life. At one end of the plaza a baker was crying out his wares in a long-drawn wail, telling how he had bread that was fresh, warm and toothsome. The harangue each time lasted about three minutes, and at its conclusion his lazy competitor at the other end of the plaza would rouse himself long enough to get up from his seat and shout sleepily, "So have I!"

Through all these familiar scenes Matteson made his way, and it was still dusk when he roused the peon at the stable and ordered his horse. While he was waiting he put on his spurs, and then stood looking off to the hills in the east, where the first beams of dawn were just beginning to shoot up into the sky. A moment later, the peon came leading out the sprightly little bay by the bridle.

"Look, man!" cried Matteson, angrily, "will you never learn to tell my horse from Francisco's? Bring my horse!"

"*Dispenseme, seignior!*" cried the man in a humble tone, "it is the poor light," and he went back and changed the horses.

The American mounted, and the eager horse paced briskly off up the caraterra. For hâlf an hour he took the keen morning air, galloping recklessly up and down the road, now allowing free rein and now dodging in and out among the peones hurrying to the town. Soon he drew up at his own door, dropped the bridle over the horse's head and hurried up to his room. Out in a chair upon the balcony he awaited developments.

It was Easter morning, and the crowd was not long in gathering, for as soon as it was fairly light they seemed to spring from the very ground. Men, women and children filled the streets. The American had never seen so many people in the village, and all seemed to be swayed with some dynamic force that was seeking to vent itself.

There was little noise, but everyone was on the move. Presently voices sounded directly below him. The English teacher drew farther back into the shadow. Then some one cried:

"Mira! The Americano's horse!"

It was the signal. Immediately there was a yell, and in three seconds the horse was galloping up the street with a small boy on his back and the mob following in hot pursuit. Everything had been in readiness; right in front of the town hall he was met by a group of men, and in their arms Matteson saw his suit, stuffed with straw, and made into a hideous effigy. It was but the work of a moment to tie the scarecrow to the horse's back, and then the little boy was galloping across the plaza, kicking up his heels in the face of the crowd that followed, yelling and throwing sticks and stones. Out of town, by the way of the caraterra, he made his way, and the street was left deserted.

Suddenly the door of one of the little houses along the caraterra was jerked open and Francisco, barefoot and half-dressed, rushed out into the street. His course lay after the mob, and he sprinted, yelling wildly all the

way, "*Mi caballo, mi caballo, suelta mi caballo!*" You see things had begun to happen earlier than he expected.

Two hours later the English teacher was seated upon the balcony on the other side of the plaza, and with him was Carmelita, bright and happy as the Easter morning. Francisco, perspiring and dusty, saw them as he came in from the country leading his weary horse. As he passed beneath the balcony the girl leaned over and called out sweetly:

"Francisco, and where is the Judas?"

— *R. N. McLean, '06.*

Deserted, a Deserter

(Telegram.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21, 1899.

MRS. CLINTON A. BUCHANAN,
P———, Pa.

Clinton Buchanan, private, died December 12, 1899, at Big Bend, Luzon, P. I.

A———,
Adjutant-General, U. S. A.

On the night of Dec. 12, 1899, Private Buchanan was last seen alive by any member of his company. It was to all appearances another of the many cases of "Americano like Vino" Filipine and a bolo. A "Board of Survey" sat to settle his case according to the usual army routine. He was officially declared dead and the preceding telegraphic news was sent to Mrs. C. A. Buchanan via Washington and the War Department.

The evening of February 7, 1901, ushered in a heavy rain storm upon the huts surrounding the quartell, all of which was called Butuan. In the church tower on the right of the quartell was an outpost, three men and a corporal, that commanded a view up and down the Butuan River. As the sky darkened with the approaching storm, the sentry took an oily rag from the stock of his Krag and wiped the outside of his gun and the chamber and magazine. In its fury the rain drove the sentinel inside the tower, where his companions lay wrapped in blankets. The occasional flashes of lightning lit up the whole length of the town in a flood of light that blinded the sentinel as soon as it was dark again.

From the beginning of the storm until it abated, some time after taps, the lights in the shacks and houses in the town had been extinguished. Only the few lights in the quartell where the troops were quartered cast their rays out into the plaza before the church and quartell. On the right of the church was a low wall surrounding an old cemetery.

Possibly an hour had elapsed after taps before the rain clouds, driven before a stiff breeze, were chased from the sky. A new moon was rapidly sinking towards the horizon, casting long shadows everywhere upon the ground. For some moments after the passing of the storm the sentinel strained his eyes to catch sight of any prowling thing that might prove dangerous to the garrison.

Clad in dark suits, dodging from house to house, approaching from between the river and north outpost, creeping, crawling, a body of natives were closing in toward the plaza. On the right, a long column that had evaded the outpost to the north, coming in through the tall rice in the paddies, now waited behind the low north wall of the cemetery.

The trap was set. Within the quartell one company of infantry slept. An overbold native, a keen-eyed sentry, the air rang with shouts of "Diablo Americano!" The horror of that night surpassed anything that is gone as part of the Insurrection in the Philippines.

Next day, when the gunboat "Otis" came up the Butuan, they found the garrison almost exterminated. Twelve men able to do duty were left to nurse the few who escaped instant death by bolo or Remington. Among the dead of the assaulting band of natives was found a light-haired, fair-complexioned corpse, clad in a dark suit of khaki and wearing the leggins and shoes of an American private.

In his shirt pocket was an old testament and a letter

addressed to Clinton Buchanan, dated Manila, Dec. 10, 1899; San Francisco, Nov. 4, 1899. One of the fellows took the single sheet from the soiled envelope: "Mother sends love. Jack married Louise last Wednesday. They are on a trip to Washington. Write soon."

Staring from one to another, then at the corpse, they saw the letter replaced in his shirt pocket and a blanket drawn over the form. Once with these same men he had fought against the insurgents. Against his own company he had led his last attack. The lieutenant of the company in his report of the massacre said, "Clinton Buchanan, sometime Co. G, 28th Inft., *deserter*, killed while leading a band of insurgents against Butuan."

Faculty Chapel Attendance

Winter Term

Prex 36
Square 4
Schnitzie 1
Little Greek 13
Bugs 8
Bill Squires 13
Pills 3
Bill Shep 1
Bib 19
Stink 1
Nick 1
Wardie 3
Hank White 11
Woodie 31
Drib 6
Davie 20
Ghost 8
Rocks 27

[N. B.] Notice is hereby given that those who have not been present at at least twelve per cent. of the regular exercises shall forego the ordinary privilege of allowed absences.

Your attention is called to page 28 of Catalog.

Make allowance for errors on the part of the Librarian Clerk.

The Whispering Oak

ABOUT a mile up the Alleghany river from the little village of Red House stands, silhouetted in the sky, with a solitary, jagged arm outstretched, the tall, bare trunk of an aged oak. The highway borders the river at this point, and between the two, leaning over the bank at whose base flows the dangerous rapids which gurgle and moan with a peculiar hollowness, posts this oak as an untiring sentinel.

For years I have driven or walked past this spot, and each time with increased fascination. Broad wastes of swamp land reach far to the south. Across the river to the north rises abruptly from the water a mountain of singular beauty. Between these contrasted expanses looms up the weather-beaten oak. It is not alone the picture that fascinates, it is the inseparable mystery that floats over the quiet place. From earliest remembrance stories have rung in my ears concerning the extraordinary actions of horses that passed this spot at the dead of night, stories about the wierd creaking of the oak at midnight, accompanied by the appearance of a ghost-like form that rose mysteriously from the murky swamp. Though I little heeded all this any more than I have common ghost stories and other unusual midnight phenomena, I confess that I became curious to unravel the traditional mystery. As far as I could learn it seems that years ago there were visible beneath this oak two adjacent mounds of earth. Close by ran the narrow river path. Then came the survey and the building of the state highway, and from that time sprang the stories of frightened horses and trav-

ellers. As the accounts became more numerous and more credible owing to the reliability of the story tellers, I grew more and more desirous of an experience of my own.

Last spring I was engaged with Ned Armstrong, Ed Harris and John Richards in taking a raft consisting of thousands of feet of lumber down the Alleghany to Pittsburg. At Tuna Creek, a score of miles or more below Red House, we became stranded upon a bar. In vain we endeavored to free the raft, and toward the middle of the afternoon our employer, becoming considerably irritated upon realizing the situation, discharged us. We immediately struck the railroad track and headed for Quaker Bridge. At Jutt Point Ed Harris left us, and at Quaker Bridge we three parted. It being still early in the evening I resolved to foot it home, three miles the other side of Red House. I should not have been so ambitious had not I been anxious to see my grandmother who had arrived at our home since I left.

It was near midnight when I left Red House. The night was perfect for anything except rapid walking. On leaving the sleeping settlement, so silent and undisturbed, I suddenly thought of the oak and of my desire. Here was just my chance to either solve the mystery or make it a deeper enigma. The moon shone brighter than ever as I neared the haunted spot. Nearby was located a large spring of clear, cool water. I stopped to wash away the dust from my eyes and to refresh myself before continuing. That I was nervous was out of the question. I was intensely curious, though, to see if anything would really happen.

I stepped back into the road. To my knowledge there was no sign of a breeze. I wondered why the oak with its lone projecting limb swayed against the star-lit sky. Clearer and more hollow sounded the rapids below. Save for these two sounds there was not a murmur anywhere.

I had passed the oak and was just congratulating myself that in the future I would be able to contradict all the wild stories I should hear, when suddenly a cloud slid over the moon and the atmosphere became hazy. Almost one with this a form appeared blocking my way. I lazily passed my hand over my eyes, thinking perchance that my vision might be momentarily blurred. But no, there was actually something ahead of me in my direct path. This was certainly strange, I thought, not in the least shrinking from my purpose of plowing right through every obstacle. Ten feet away I could see that the form was that of a woman. As I drew nearer I could distinguish every outline. A veil of light texture fell from her head and, strange to say, faded out before reaching the ground. It formed a hood over the head and shadowed her face. Her folded arms bound the veil in front. I was now within reaching distance of the white form. Within the hooded veil I saw two empty sockets peering at me with awful fixity. Without hesitation I rushed forward and with a mighty sweep of my right arm caught the form at the shoulder. To my surprise my arm passed on and through. At the same moment a terrific shriek rent the air, and as I caught myself from whirling on my heel as a result of the momentum derived from the force I put into the sweep, I saw nothing ahead but darkness.

I passed on, none the worse for my adventure. A laugh broke forth from my lips. Immediately I was confronted again by the same form. I did not hesitate to repeat my swinging blow. Shriller than before rang a screech that was picked up far out in the swamp and re-echoed. The phantom disappeared. I wondered how long this would last. The oak was far behind me. I was well aware that this was no joke. I had up to that night suspicioned that it was simply a trick of some friend played repeatedly. I grew feverish and from my forehead beads of perspiration rolled into my eyes. The

test was enough, I assured myself, but what sport my friends would have with me when they heard of my adventure. Yet I could swear that I was little affected by either of the appearances. But why not keep m—

That unearthly thing again? Sure enough, and right before me, more ghostly than ever. Now for a final blow. I jumped forward, but stumbled. Falling, I struck the ground heavily on my head and right shoulder.

It did not take me long to regain my feet. I glanced quickly to my right and there I saw, floating over the swamp, that awful spectre. Recalling it had been said that if one could give a good yell when he was in doubt whether or not he was frightened, it would prove he was not, I pulled myself together and bellowed a mighty whoop. A second later it was caught up in mockish contempt by that fearful feminine voice. It was too much for me. A chill of horror passed through my body and before I had fully decided what to do I was on my way home by leaps and bounds. It may be doubted that I ran that two-mile course in record time. I only regret that I could not have timed myself.

Sheepishly I entered my room and crawled into bed with the firm resolve to keep the affair hushed. Troubled sleep was granted me till late the following morning. My sudden appearance startled the folks.

That evening I was sitting before the great, cheerful fireplace conversing with my grandmother, when suddenly she recalled something she had planned to tell me.

"Oh, my boy," she began, "did you ever learn the circumstances connected with that old oak and the two graves which have caused so much talk around here? A little while ago an old schoolmate of mine dropped in upon me and informed me that she had unravelled the secret of the two solitary graves."

And settling comfortably in her great armchair, pushing back her thin, white locks, and then folding her

feeble hands in her lap, she softly told the following story:

Christine Winthrop sat on the railing of the little rustic cottage's piazza which overlooked the mouth of the Juanita Creek and up the beautiful Alleghany River. Her right arm rested high upon the corner-post and supported her head of ebony hair. Her sparkling dark eyes were blankly fixed upon the silvery riffles of the river, and there, alone, she remained motionless in reverie.

The cool breezes from the open swept across the simple, yet cozy, veranda built by Christine's father years ago. Two or three stately maples shaded the front of the cottage, and in the cleared front lawn, which sloped gently down to the water's edge, grew an abundance of old-fashioned flowers. A path traversed this flower-besprinkled plot and abruptly ended at the cove of the Juanita. A sunken post in the bordering turf told that this place was a boat landing.

Christine was sad. As the spring wore along and the daily separation from the one she so deeply loved continued, she grew sadder and sadder. The previous winter had snatched away her devoted mother, who, when her lover was absent, was her constant companion. She had enjoyed life so much till then. Born in this enchanting spot of the wood and in this beloved cottage, she had spent a life of adventure and of utmost delight. Her father was a lumberman and a fur trader, at home but part of the time and then only for the night. He had come to the southwestern part of New York State from New England with his bride. Nineteen years ago Christine came into the home and since then their lives had been bound up in hers. She loved the open, free life. Boating and fishing and roving through the woods were her daily wont. At last she found a lover, a stalwart fellow, noble and true. Though he was irritable when he forgot himself, yet Christine's gentle words and clouded

smile quickly dispelled the outburst; and then he would fling his great arms about the little form and ever so gently press her to himself in token of regret and entreaty for pardon. Her head scarcely reached his shoulder, she was barely half his size. But this made him her hero. Their lives were each other's.

Suddenly he was called up the river to take charge of a lumber camp. He left in early winter with the promise on his lips to return in the spring as true as ever.

The winter slowly passed, and no signs of his return caused extreme loneliness in Christine's heart. She would sit for hours at a time on the piazza and dream. She longed for the life of her youth, when her parents would welcome her return from a long forest jaunt. Now there was no one to receive her. As the weather grew warmer she became accustomed to sit on the river bank and watch the logs float down the stream, gazing with admiration at the light-footed lumbermen who leaped from log to log and then gracefully balanced themselves for a long ride in midstream. She longed to have the logs dash toward her and become fixed in the cove of the Juanita so that the men would be compelled to hasten toward her. Their cheerful salutations thrilled her with delight. Untrained by experience she always paid back their attentions in true coquettish manner and innocently enjoyed the few moments of unrestrained happiness.

One morning as she was gazing as usual up the log-bespecked Alleghany she perceived a single figure in a canoe cutting his way down stream. A little shriek of delight burst from Christine's lips and immediately she was off for the river side. The occupant of the canoe saw her and swerving his bark about he made toward her. A moment later Christine felt the pangs of disappointment. But her conscience failed to work. Tossing back the heavy veil of sadness she welcomed the stranger with singular familiarity. She had not yet learned to distrust

man. To her all must be as true as that one who was her ideal.

But let us find this one who was now momentarily forgotten. To a lumber camp up the river, where the Alleghany foothills were being stripped of their sea of trees, he had been summoned to act as temporary foreman during the confinement of the foreman who was suffering from a broken leg. The foreman's daughter, the idol of the camp, attended the wounded man and provided meals for the new foreman. At first the latter little heeded the pretty nurse, for he remembered still that other little girl who was eagerly awaiting his return.

Each evening as he entered the lodge where the injured man lay he would coldly receive the thoughtful actions on the part of the girl.

Time passed rapidly. Gradually he lost the old resignation. At length the maiden won and the young foreman gave completely away before her bewitching allurements. We now see the two at night sitting before the open fireplace gazing at the glowing embers and at the same time opening wide their hearts to each other.

Spring meant the removal of the winter's cutting of logs. Continuous rains kept the temporary foreman within the lodge. His constant superintending was not so imperative now. For a change he cared for the slowly recovering foreman and unconsciously did just those things which naturally made himself adored by the attentive daughter.

The close of the season saw the two prepare to part. They had grown close to each other, although he had not disclosed to her the bonds that held him by rights to another heart. In this he showed that other side of himself, that man which lacked volition and was controlled by the emotions which were as strong as his physical strength.

Down near the quiet cottage on the bank of the Juan-

ita sat a devoted pair. Christine's companion was ignorant of the circumstances surrounding her life. She, overcome by loneliness and yet not purposely thoughtless of the one she had learned to love as her only lover, carelessly melted, as it seemed, before the handsome woodsman who chanced her way. He could detect her sadness and played his part accordingly. Taught nothing that would condemn her present actions Christine allowed herself to become fascinated and allured further and further. She forgot her sadness at length and proved herself the simple child that she was even at nineteen. She passively responded to what rose in her simply because she knew no law against it. Never had she the chance to read the danger signals along the path of love, nor had she been instructed as to the severe meaning of faithlessness. Her inexperienced soul had guided her thus far without the need of the instruction of another more experienced. To her the present seemed made for happiness, and anything that could banish grief and dispel that uncomfortable lump that persisted of late to rise in her throat, seemed a gift of Providence. Suspicion never had a place in her thoughts. She knew not the word false. As she wandered through the woods during her maiden days she had little thought of the meaning of life beyond that it meant simply the daily satisfying of every want in any true, pure manner. Her parents had never given her the opportunity to realize what the life of unselfishness was. In fact they lived solely for their beautiful daughter. So had her lover.

When all joy left her and she could not satisfy the longings that rose in her breast she was keenly aware that she had missed something in her training. She longed for that satisfying something. And while in this very mood the second man had come to drive away the cause of all this reasoning. Her first thought had been, if the one she loved, who tarried somewhere up the

river, could not gratify her desires and cause the undesirable thoughts that constantly haunted to flee, then certainly this man could. And with this idea she sweetly acquiesced at once to the guarded bewitching of the stronger heart.

How delightful were those few short days in which two souls were knit together as one. Even Nature seemed at her best. The birds sang sweetly for the first time that spring. The flowers took on their brightest hues. Every breeze whispered a message of love. The long walks together in the woods, although at times in absolute silence, brought keen anticipation to the youth. To Christine these moments did not look toward any future. They were simply the natural gratifying of a present longing.

Down the Alleghany slowly floated the winter's harvest of logs. For days they had passed in small numbers and the last were being followed by raftmen to round up stranded logs.

Having bidden a fond farewell to the injured foreman's daughter the sub-foreman joined the river party to seek the rustic cottage and the forgotten girl. All at once he was painfully aware of a sickening thought lurking in his mind. What if she had been faithless to him as he had been to her? But no, he had not been false, had he? Recalling his relations with the foreman's daughter he recounted those experiences which marked the winter with pleasure. As he thought, he felt himself justified in having done as he had. What was there for which he should be censured? He certainly owed due respect to the daughter of the man for whom he was working and who had received him into his own home so much more cheerful than the lumbermen's shacks. He could not have acted selfishly and paid no heed to the girl whether she was charming or not. Certainly Christine, he further argued, could not blame him when she learned the details.

Nevertheless the psychic ether brought suspicion and fear. What if another man had played his part with Christine as he had Christine's part with the idol of the camp? With these troublesome thoughts he approached Juanita Creek.

It was in the early part of a bright forenoon that the last raft neared the mouth of the Juanita. Tossing his meagre possessions into the trailing boat Christine's old lover separated from his comrades and pushed for the landing. As yet he had not caught even a glimpse of the figure he hoped to find watching for him. Perhaps she was within, he thought, and accordingly as he hastened up the path he called. It was not long before a figure appeared from one side of the cottage, hesitated, ran a step forward, paused, and finally rushed into the great arms of the returned lover.

But why this odd coldness? To her he was not the man of the autumn when she lost him, her sole happiness. The words he spoke did not resound with the old, hearty ring. He was not, for some reason, the big hero she looked up to before the last farewell. Yes, there was some secret trouble and Christine showed that she felt it in her involuntary shrinking from the clasp of the awed man. In his mind these actions only emphasized that one thought. Surely she had some secret which was betraying her love. Could he boldly ask her to confess? Or would she suspect him?

The hesitancy and the unnaturalness of both stupified the one as much as the other. A moment's silence, and the irreparable question escaped the lips of the young lumberman, "Christine, my girl, have you betrayed me?"

As if by a vision a new world opened up before Christine. Indeed it was not one of brightness and hope. It was beclouded and from every nook and imaginary corner peering eyes glanced her way, flashed and disappeared. She felt herself giving away and through the

mirror of her troubled mind she saw herself as a veritable unclean spirit from which all naturally shrank. A cloud passed her eyes. The two hands on her shoulders grew intolerably heavy and she felt herself crushed to the ground — and darkness.

She was carried to the water's edge, revived and abandoned. The revelation of the deep meaning and severity of a promise, the clear revelation of the sin of open selfishness, had proved too much. Now she desired not self-happiness nor even the ability to spend her life for another, but, rather, the abrupt withdrawal from such an existence — the life that was so inexpressibly unsatisfactory and disappointing. The same lack of foresight, the want of a vision of the future, still held complete possession of her mind and made her thoughts dwell solely upon the depressing present. And this present made her shudder. Oh, that she might pass from it at once!

Back of the cottage, sitting on the bank of the low-murmuring Alleghany, sat the broken-hearted lover. Twofold was the cause of his grief. Life was utterly dismal and meaningless now. Why were such circumstances inflicted upon weak mankind? Without Christine? Never!

That he self-imposed all this was only too evident as he looked upon it. And, burying his face in his hands, the big man broke down and wept like a child. Yes, he would do it! Slowly rising he crossed the worn path and disappeared in the foliage. When he returned he carried an immense armful of *Utgo*, the fatal root.

Finding an earthen vessel at the rear of the cottage, he crushed the strong-smelling root in it and extracted from the mass a quantity of evil-looking liquid.

In a bewildered state he carried the crucible down to the bank of the Juanita where lay the motionless form of the girl. His eyes had lost their softness, his irritable nature predominated, and with a resolute and wildly

determined move he brought the dish to his lips. Instantly he threw himself upon the ground near the beautiful girl he had once loved; yes, and whom he still loved.

Christine started in blank wonderment. What had happened? What was this that had caused the misery of one sufferer to cease? Did he — yes, he surely meant it for her too, or he would never have sought her side by which to fall.

Drawing the crucible nearer she glanced within, smiled, raised it to her lips and swallowed the few remaining drops of the poison. Immediately she fell back upon the soft sward. A violent shudder passed over the frail body, her hand reached out for that of her lover, and fell within it. The great, rough hand, reflexed by the touch, slowly closed, and the warmth of each, for the last time clasped, died out together.

That evening the two forms were laid side by side under the great, sheltering oak, down the long path which led from the little rustic cottage. This at last proved a resting place undisturbed by everything excepting the breezes, which sadly float over it carrying the hollow murmuring of the rapids just below.

— C. M. Trippe, '07.

Lecture by Bill

GREAT value in accuracy. Gain time by going slowly. Take your own notes. Have method. Man is not in a herd here but man is heard here at Hamilton. Any member of this class has the ability to run the College far better than the Faculty or even the President. We hope we are rid of the sappy element of 1907. Our motto is, "No admittance except on business." We want short hours.

(Mr. Bright please wake up and Mr. Clark please don't push that brick wall over.)

Our fundamental purpose for the ensuing months is a perusal of the elementary principles governing the profound mysteries of psychic-phenomena. In consummating the undertaking "let us hew to the line" and use short, concise terminology so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. The pseudo-scientific pettifogger conceals ignorance behind a preponderance of meaningless utterances.

We should endeavor to master the intricacies of Psychology because this science is the foundation of Logic, Philology, Philosophy, Ethics, Esthetics, Pedagogics, Sociology and Poker.

In the remaining fifteen minutes I will endeavor to conduct you within the realm of double, triple and multiple personality, auto- and hetero-suggestions, telepathy, dream state, hypnotics and mesmerism.

Now, briefly, education is the development, the drawing out, the realizing of latent inherent qualities of consciousness. The mind of man may be referred to as an intellectual sponge — which reminds me of the vast mass

of homeopathic, sugar-coated, predigested, breakfast-food opinions. Right here I warn you against Socrates who was a contemptible old cesspool of viciousness. (Painful silence.)

We are now ready for psycho-physical parallelism incidental to vicarious functioning and conscious cerebration. (Cady Allen smiles.) This is illustrated by the periphery of the body, which is divided into cold, hot, pain, touch, tickle and pleasure spots.

This prepares the way to the damnable influence of the petty, popular, puppet, performing pedagogue of the kindergarten. Through her the schoolroom is transformed into an amusement bureau. She developes the mere spontaneity, instability and sensitivity of the child, thereby dwarfing the natural volition or voluntary attention of the child. From categorical inferences and hypothetically speaking the psychic ether constantly permeates the recesses of our psychic being, so developing the infinitesimal germs disclosed in the phenomena of the floating population. It also explains all the activities within the social, emotional and volitional activities of man. With this hurried and simple outline of our term's work we will stop for today. Next term we will take up abnormal psychology, and let me remind you that every moment we stand between two immeasurable eternities.

Thus it is that all history may be explained under the principle of the progressive realization of the consciousness of freedom and its retimolization in liberty. Thank you!

(Exeunt omnes.)

A Forest Tragedy

ONE rainy March night a group of three pretty college girls had huddled around their Uncle Jack, a retired doctor in the city of D——, and were imploring him in vain for that old childish boon—a story. There was little Merle, a coy, enticing blonde; Louise, a tall brunette, with a characteristic ever composed manner, and Lilian, a model of Grecian grace, who was the favorite of her uncle for the simple reason that she was the only one who could tease him.

"Macbeth and the witches," smiled the old gentleman.

"Oh, you mean, sarcastic thing," quickly responded Merle; "but Macbeth received his request so the witches must received theirs. Now do tell us a story."

"Why, girls, I have told you stories of every description since you were little tots creeping on the floor; I have given you innumerable rides, presents and praises; yes, I have saved you from the very jaws of death by medical skill, and yet let one of those chaps with a speck of a cap pasted to the back of his skull appear on the scene and lo! your uncle is no more. Oh, the inconsistency of women."

"But, uncle," explained Louise, "that is simply diversion. You know how you just dote on diversion, yet as surely as the sun rises every morning in the East do we return to you. Now, 'fess up, are we not consistent in that?"

"Yes, yes, child," sarcastically said the old doctor, "you are consistent in your inconsistency. But rack my brain as I will I can find but one story, and that one would really scare you. I would not frighten a timid, defenceless creature for the world."

"Now just see here, my dear Uncle Jack," retorted Lilian, "we defy you to scare us."

"What's that, child, you defy me? I accept the challenge, ladies. So I cannot scare you. Well, we shall see. Now, Merle, just turn the lights way down low — thanks; and Louise, those cigars and tray. There, thank you; and now I guess your fussy old uncle is about ready to begin. Draw your chairs around close here — cozy like; that's it; and Lilian, you just camp right here next to me, for you made the challenge, you know."

Hereupon Lilian lit a match for her dear old uncle, who took several puffs on his Havana and, leaning back in his big arm chair, his face screwed into an intense recollecting expression, his eyes squinting with merriment, began:

"'Twas when I was a young man. I had been plowing all day some ten miles from the old farm, and tired and hungry I hitched the horses to the wagon and started homeward. Night was fast descending and I urged the plodding horses into a slow trot. The distance was less than half traversed when it was pitch dark, so I concluded to turn from the highway and take a short cut through the fields and woods. Once before I had been that way and anticipated no difficulty. All went well until I struck the woods. As I entered they seemed gloomy and foreboding. The horses seemed loathe to enter the forest. I endeavored to hum a lively tune, but try as I would I could not fight off the feeling that some unforseen thing would happen before I emerged into the clearing three miles on yonder side."

"Now, uncle," interposed Merle, as she drew Lilian's arm about her, "you know you can't scare us."

"Never retreat, my child, never retreat. I was aroused from my uncanny mood by the horses stopping suddenly and refusing to go on. Getting out of the wagon I went to their heads. They were pawing the ground nervously. Feeling my way about, to my surprise I came in contact with a large stump. Bushes and trees were to the right

and left. I had lost the wagon road. I stood pondering. The hoot of an owl echoed through the dark forest. But as I turned my head a ray of light, small and piercing, met my eye. Ah, there was relief from this wierd loneliness. Backing up the animals I found a little trail which led in the direction of the light. Soon we emerged into a small clearing. The light came from a log cabin. Never before had I known of the existence of this cabin. Driving up to the door I yelled out my arrival. A tall woman slowly opened the door, and in a shrill voice asked what was wanted. I told her who I was, where I lived, and that returning from work I took a short cut and had lost my way. In what seemed too eager a request she bade me stay for the night. There seemed no help but to submit to circumstances. She was very hospitable, too much so in fact. She came up with a lantern, helped me unhitch and seemed rather pleased than otherwise at my presence. At this point a peal of thunder boomed up from the west. Nervously catching my arm she said: 'Perhaps you will object to staying here after I tell you something. You see, my husband died this morning and here I have been cooped up all this long, lonely day. You're the first person I've seen today. There now, you walk right in and make yourself to home and I will get you something to eat.' The situation was taking too abrupt a turn for my nerves, but I tried to control myself and eat heartily. As I was about finished she gazed into my eyes with an eager, intense yearning expression, and said: 'Your'e a brave man, I know, and won't mind the corpse covered with a sheet there.' I started, and saw in plain reality what she had just imaged in my too receptive mind. 'And now my cousin lives about three miles from here through the woods. I have wanted to get word to him all day but I didn't dare leave the corpse. He's an undertaker, too, you know. Now let me take your horses. I will be back in an

hour. I know the way perfectly.' Though a heavy rain was now pelting outside and I was a great lover of horses, I concluded that I must let her have them. I got the horses ready, and as she clambered into the wagon and gathered up the reins, she yelled back: 'There are some books there, make yourself to home; will be back before you know it.' As the lumbering wagon died away I picked up a book entitled 'Dracula.' Oh, no! not to-night, and I put it down in disgust. A tremendous crash of thunder and a blinding flash of lightning shook the cabin. I looked towards the sheet. Ye gods, did it stir? My nerves, I thought — what couldn't I visualise? I picked up another book, and with all the will force at my command riveted my attention on the page. What! did it move again? My heart was beating like a trip hammer. Throwing down the book I began pacing the floor. The storm was raging like a demon. Heavens! the corpse had turned over — was attempting to rise. It gave a groan. I ran to his side. Why, Lilian, are you afraid?"

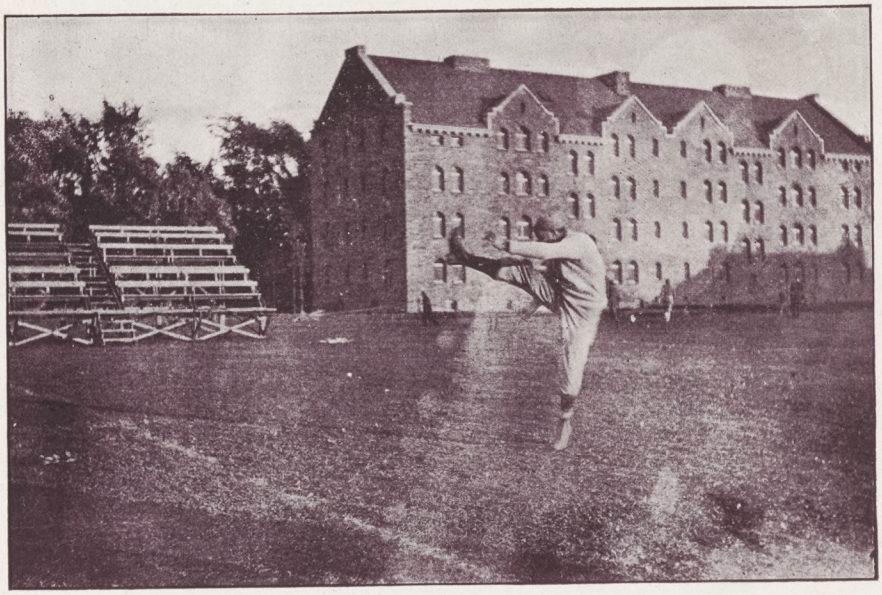
"Yes, just a little," she answered finally, "but go on."

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the doctor, "I offered him a stimulant and he came to, and in a few minutes he was able to rise from the bed. 'Ah, the wretch. I see how it is. My wife tried to poison me this morning at breakfast. And where did you say she had gone? To her cousin's. Ah, I see it all now. It's plain as day. A beautiful plot, but I'll nip it in the bud. Wait 'till they return.' At this point he got down an old shotgun from over the fire-place. He was raving furiously and his face twitched with intense excitement. 'And you, what's your name? Jack, all right, Jack it be. Now my boy, there's no use you sitting up here till they return. You jest go up in the loft and I'll yell when I want you. Why, man, you look like a ghost. Are you sick? Go on now — go on, I tell

you.' Well, your uncle yielded readily enough, for he was brandishing his gun rather closely. I found an old bunk up there and I lay down, listening to the rain beating on the roof. Anxiously I awaited the old man to yell for me. I could hear him cursing about below. It was close in the old loft and I must have dozed away, for soon I heard that yell: 'Ho, Jack! Ho, Jack!' I got up quickly in rather of a dazed manner. To my surprise I was in my own room at home. My mother was calling me to get up. Nice dream, eh girls?"

Laughing to his heart's content, the old gentleman hobbled away. Missiles, such as a chafing dish cover, matches and cigars, gently aided in closing the door behind him.

—*J. Howard Edgerton, '06.*



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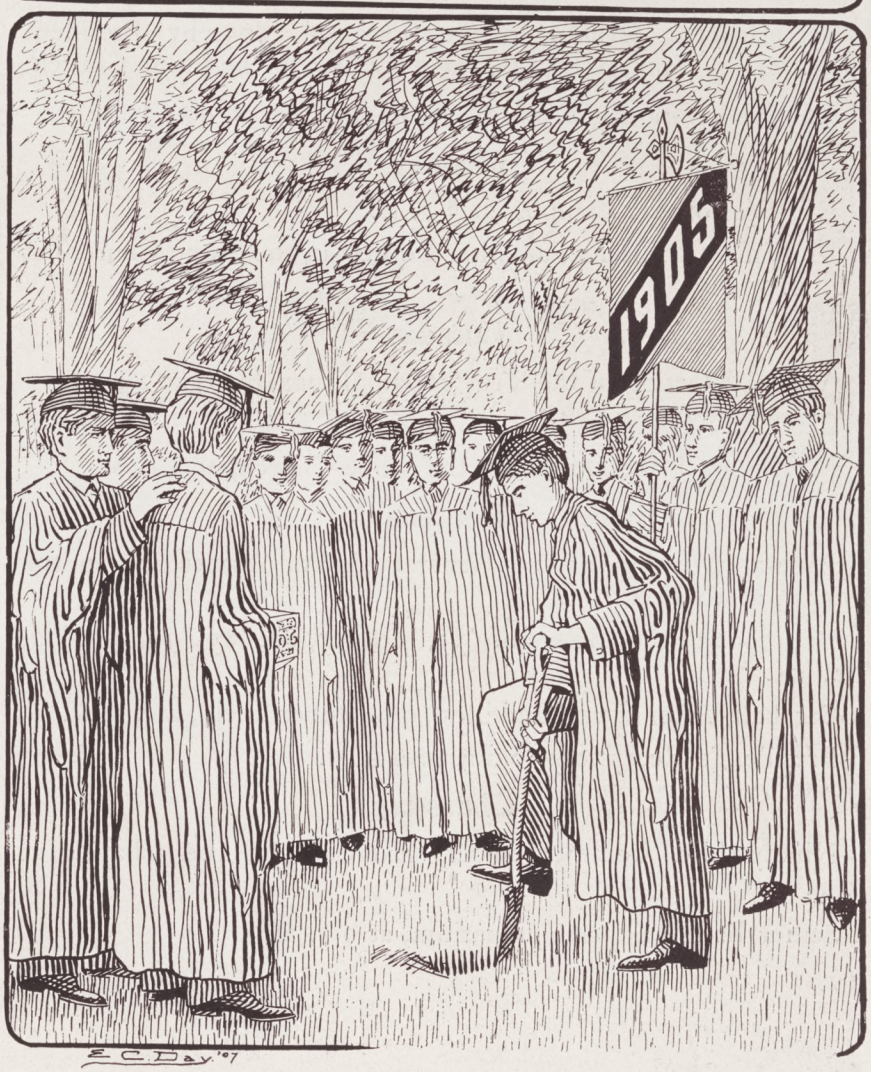

Commencement Week

Sunday, June 25th

Baccalaureate Sermon to the Class of 1905, by President Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, at 11 A. M., in the Stone Church.

Address before the Y. M. C. A. in the Chapel, at 4.30 P. M.

Monday

Exercises on the Campus, at 3 P. M.

McKinney Prize Declamation Contest in the Stone Church, at 8 P. M.

Tuesday

Annual Meeting of the Trustees in Truax Hall, at 2 P. M.

Class Day Exercises in the Chapel, at 3 P. M.

McKinney Prize Debate in the Stone Church, at 8 P. M.

Wednesday

Annual Meeting of the General Alumni Association in the Chapel, at 10 A. M.

Reunions of the Classes of '55, '65, '75, 80, '85, '90, '95, '00, '02, '04.

Baseball, Alumni vs. Hamilton, on Steuben Field, at 3 P. M.

President's Reception from 4 to 6 P. M.

Thursday

Ninety-third Commencement Exercises in the Chapel, at 10 A. M.

Senior Ball in Soper Gymnasium, at 9 P. M.

Campus Day

President,	Herman Anthony Speh
Orator,	Homer Harvey Harwood
Poet,	Joseph John Weber
Ivy Orator,	Raymond Davis Eysaman
Response from 1906,	George Franklin Gentes
Response from 1907,	Oscar William Kuolt
Response from 1908,	Fred Henry Haggerson

Class Day

President,	Harley Lord Stowell
Orator,	Edward Richard Evans
Poet,	Russell Richardson
Historian,	Harold Everett Hallman
Prophet,	George Caleb Kingsley

Presentation Committee, Charles William Loftis, Harold Andrew Williams, Frank Merrill Wright

Executive Committee

Charles Bruce Sullivan, Chairman
John Clark Dean
Howard Carter Dickinson
Robert Ur Hayes
Charles Winthrop Rockwell
Arthur John Schwab
Richard Updike Sherman
Frank Merrill Wright

The Thirty-seventh

McKinney Prize Declamation

Monday Evening, June 26th

From each of the three lower classes, and upon the basis of work done in the weekly College exercise, an annual appointment of four prize contestants in declamation is made from each of the three under classes.

1908

Earl Warner Anibal,	Gloversville
Harry Beck,	Brooklyn
Julius Edward Greengard,	Binghamton
Walter Maurice Pratt,	Binghamton

1907

Aaron Clark Bagg,	Holyoke, Mass
Ebenezer Willis Ward Hoyt,	Port Leyden
Junius Drhu Meeker,	Camden
Harwood Muzzy Schwartz,	Clinton

1906

Howard Wright Benedict,	Clinton
Ernest Knox Edie,	Springville
Grosvenor Walker Heacock,	Ilion
Colin Macdonald,	Buffalo

The Thirty-seventh

McKinney Prize Debate

Tuesday Evening, June 27th

From the members of the Senior Class who have excelled during its six allotted terms in extemporaneous argument, not to exceed six debaters are appointed by the Faculty. This appointment is announced in third term, when the proposition of the debate is given and the affirmative or negative station of each contestant is determined by lot. The order of appearance is decided by lot, publicly drawn at the time of the debate. Each disputant may speak upon the first call eight minutes and upon the second call seven minutes. No notes or books may be carried into the debate, nor any memorandum used in speaking.

The Proposition: That Representative Government in the State of New York Is a Present Failure.

Affirmative

Herman Anthony Speh,	Binghamton
Charles Bruce Sullivan,	Livonia
Arthur John Schwab,	Binghamton

Negative

Edward Campbell MacIntyre,	Johnstown
Richard Updike Sherman,	Utica
Harley Lord Stowell,	Ithaca

The Fiftieth

Clark Prize Exhibition

In Oratory

Wednesday Evening, June 7th

The men eligible to write in a given class are all who have had appointment as prize speakers, together with that additional one-fifth of the class who have the next best standing in the record of noon-chapel work subsequent to the beginning of Junior year. The best six orations are selected by the Faculty, and are delivered on the ninth Wednesday evening of third term.

Homer Harvey Harwood,	Brooklyn
Oliver Humphrey,	Utica
Albert Hamilton Merrick,	Westernville
Arthur John Schwab,	Binghamton
Richard Updike Sherman,	Utica.
Herman Anthony Speh,	Binghamton

Ninety-third Commencement

Thursday

College Procession Enters the Chapel at 10 A. M.

Prayer

MUSIC

Latin Salutatory, with High Honor—
Harley Lord Stowell.

Honor Oration—"Our Relations with Spanish America."
Edward Norman Abbey

High Honor Oration—"The Part of Mediocrity."
Frank Cuyler Beach.

MUSIC

High Honor Oration—"Schiller's Ideal of Liberty."
George Martin Day.

Honor Oration—"Heine and Macleod: Writers of the Sea."
Raymond Davis Eysaman.

Clark Prize Orator, with Honor—"Paradox and Platitude."
Homer Harvey Harwood.

Honor Oration—"The Federation of the World."
Edward Campbell MacIntyre.

High Honor Oration—"The War of 1812 and Our Nationalization."
*Fred Wade Paton.

MUSIC

Honor Oration—"The Louisiana Purchase an Inevitability."
Russell Richardson.

Honor Orator, with Head Prize Oration—"Alexander Hamilton, 1804—1904; the Verdict of a Hundred Years."
Edward Wales Root.

High Honor Oration — "The Revolution of '48 in Germany."

Arthur John Schwab.

Honor Oration — "The American Anabasis, 1805—1905."

Herman Anthony Speh.

MUSIC

High Honor Oration — "The Western Movement in America."

Charles Bruce Sullivan.

Honor Orator, with the Kirkland Prize Oration — "The Times and Mission of Jeremiah."

Robert Hezekiah Beattie Thompson.

Honor Orator, with the Pruyn Medal Oration — "Public Office the Duty of Educated Young Men."

Joseph John Weber.

MUSIC

Intermission

MUSIC

The Masters' Oration; In representation of those taking the Second Degree — "Another Critical Period in American History."

Edward Joshua Ward, A. B., '02.

High Honor Oration with the Valedictory —

Richard Updike Sherman.

MUSIC

Prizes and Degrees Conferred

Benediction

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*Excused.

Prize Awards in 1905

Root Fellowship. No Award.

Fiftieth Clark Prize in Original Oratory—"Present-Day Values of Oratory"

Homer Harvey Harwood, Brooklyn

Forty-third Pruyn Medal Oration—"Public Office the Duty of Educated Young Men"

Joseph John Weber, Buffalo

Forty-second Head Prize Oration—"Alexander Hamilton, 1804—1904; the Verdict of a Hundred Years"

Edward Wales Root, New York

Thirty-third Kirkland Prize Oration—"The Times and Mission of Jeremiah"

Robert H. B. Thompson, Thompson Ridge

Thirty-seventh McKinney Debate

1st. Herman Anthony Speh, Binghamton

2d. Arthur John Schwab, Binghamton

Underwood Prize in Chemistry

Leon Jenks, Clayville

Munson Prizes in German

1st. Herman Anthony Speh, Binghamton

2d. Arthur John Schwab, Binghamton

Southworth Prize in Physics

Edward Norman Abbey, Smithtown Branch

Thirteenth Soper Thesis Prize—"The Steel and Iron Industries in the United States as Illustrating Protection"

Frank Cuyler Beach, Brooklyn

Darling Prize in American History

Richard Updike Sherman, Utica

Munson Prizes in French

1st. Raymond Davis Eysaman, Little Falls

2d. Ezra Weston Pound, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tompkins Mathematical Prizes

1st. Clayton Louis Jenks, Clayville

2d. George Franklin Gentes, Brooklyn

Medal: Clifford Penny Fitch, Sauquoit

Baldwin Entrance Prize

Earl Warner Anibal, Gloversville

Brockway Entrance Prize

Salmon Sheldon Judson, Jr., Vernon

Curran Medals in Greek and Latin

Gold: Martin Ambrose Driscoll, Haverstraw
Silver: James Wilford Kellogg, Vernon Center

Hawley Classical Medals

Allen Robert Hallock, Clinton
Chester Arthur Sittig, Utica

Edward Huntington Mathematical Scholar

Clayton Louis Jenks, Clayville

Chauncey S. Truax Greek Scholar

Martin Ambrose Driscoll, Haverstraw

Munson German Scholar

Chester Arthur Sittig, Utica

Soper Latin Scholar

James Wilford Kellogg, Vernon Centre

Kellogg English Prize Essays

Juniors, Class of 1906

"Olympia, Past and Present"

Prize: Stanley Howard Murdock, Auburn
Mention: Allen Robert Hallock, Clinton

Sophomores, Class of 1907

"The Debt of English Prose to the Bible"

Prize: Earl Llewellyn Montgomery, Waddington
Mention: Cady Hews Allen, Holland Patent

Freshmen, Class of 1908

"Legends and History of the Mohawk Valley"

Prize: Frank Townsend Laird, Utica
Mention: Earl Warner Anibal, Gloversville

"History of the N. Y. C. & H. R. Railway"

Prize: Paul Benjamin Williams, Albion

McKinney Declamation Prizes

Class of 1906

1st. Grosvenor Walker Heacock, Ilion
2d. Ernest Kruse Edie, Springville

Class of 1907

1st. Junius Drhu Meeker, Camden
2d. Harold Muzzy Schwartz, Clinton

Class of 1908

1st. Harry Beck, Brooklyn
2d. Earl Warner Anibal, Gloversville

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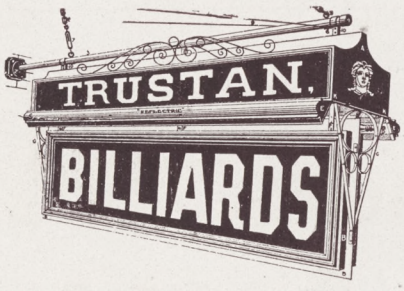

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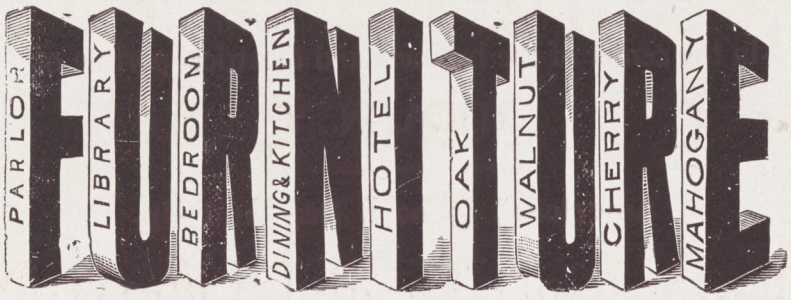

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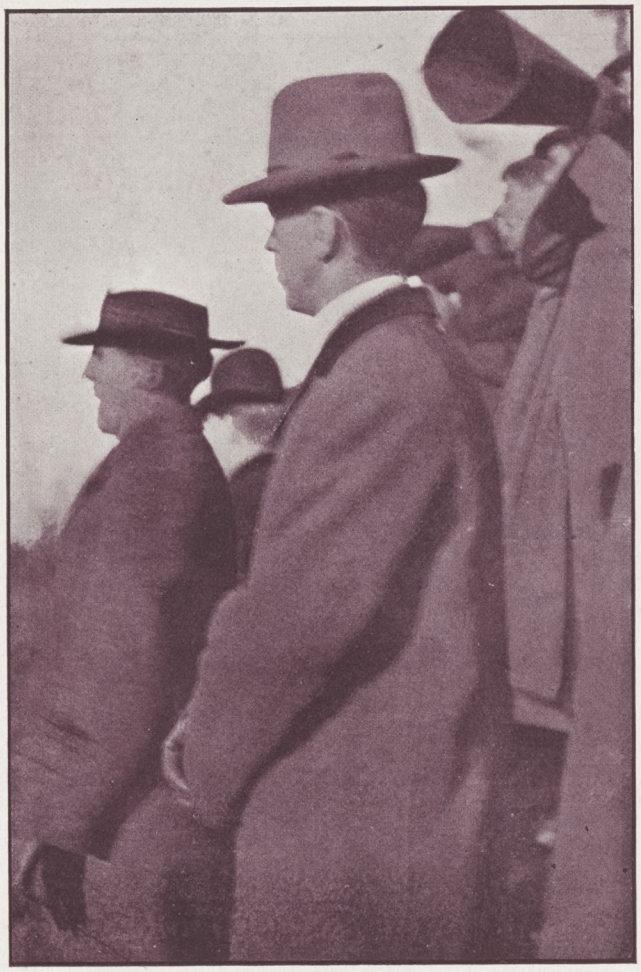

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